Chas M Hovey

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

HAY AS A MONEY CROP.

In some localities the hay crop is one of the most desirable money crops, while in others it is the most undesirable. Because one farmer can produce a hay crop and sell it at a profit, it is no proof that another can; for there are many conditions that affect the hay crop; therefore he who thinks of making this his money-crop should carefully examine every point that will aid or retard success.

First, it is important to be within easy reach of a good market where the hay can be readily sold either at wholesale or retail.

Second, it is equally important to have land that is well adapted to the growth of large crops of grass. Third, it is important that the locality should be one where fertilizers can be obtained at a price low enough to keep the land up in good condition, and leave a margin for profit. Fourth, the farmer must be so situated that his time can be profitably spent in other directions, when not required on his mowing fields.

To attempt to make hay a money crop in a strictly farming district, away from manufacturing towns and cities, with no railroads or steamboats within a dozen miles, would not be wise. One of the best markets for hay is in a growing manufacturing town away from the seashore. The growing wants of such towns almost always keep in advance of the supply, in the article of hay; the farmers, most of them, near such towns, turn their attention to the cultivation of small fruits and vegetables, often producing such quantities that the supply will be so much beyond the demand that prices will fall below the cost of production. By thus turning their attention to the productions of the garden, they neglect the hay crop to an extent that they not only have no hay to sell, but frequently have to buy for their own use, perhaps sending hundreds of miles for bundle hay. In such localities the wise farmer will turn his attention to the hay crop, carefully looking over his farm to decide how many acres he has that can be made to produce good crops of grass. It must be kept in mind that grass needs not only rich strong land, but land that retains the moisture during the dry season; therefore in making selections for mowing fields, the low land should receive the first attention. If the low lands of the farm are too wet for English grass, an effort should be made to drain them so as to draw the water from eighteen inches to two feet below the surface. A meadow composed of muck several feet deep when properly drained and covered with a good dressing of sand, is one of the most desirable places to raise hay for the market, such land when once reclaimed and made to produce a large crop of the better varieties of grasses, may be kept in good condition at less cost than high dry land, because the gradual decay of the muck is continually furnishing plant food without expense.

To get a location where manure can be obtained at a moderate cost is somewhat difficult, yet it is important. The introduction of Commercial Fertilizers, has given the farmer many advantages that he did not possess before; it has not only given him a chance to purchase the fertilizers at a fair price, but it has cheapened the price of stable manure in cities and large towns. Those who live within a few miles of such places, can often buy stable manure at such prices as to bring its cost much below the cost of the same amount of plant food in commercial fertilizers. But really the best locality for obtaining cheap manure is on the seashore, where kelp can be obtained for a few cents a load. A farm located within five miles of a beach upon which kelp is washed, other things being equal, may be said to be the most favorable for producing hay for the market, because in such locality the farmer can keep busy during much of the cold season in drawing kelp to manure his grass land; three loads of kelp being equal to two loads of barn manure. Where the farmer can haul two loads in a day, he is spending his leisure days to very good advantage, and if he can get plenty of kelp he need not fear that he shall exhaust his land by selling hay, or it has been proved that good crops of grass can be grown in the same land for more than a hundred years in succession, with no other fertilizer but kelp.

The farmer who makes it his principal business to raise hay for the market, requires some other work to keep him busy when there is no work in the mowing field, for farming is not a business so profitable that the farmer can afford to remain idle the principal portion of the time, therefore he must make it a study to have some business at all seasons of the year, even though it may not be very profitable. While the hay crop may be made the principal business, there may be other crops worked in to keep the farmer busy during the season when there is nothing to do in the hay field, such as apples, pears, peaches, cranberries and early garden vegetables. The hay crop under favorable conditions is one that can be grown by one who has partially retired from some other profession, quite as well, and perhaps better, than almost any other crop, because it is one that requires close attention but a very small portion of the year, and it is one which it does not require so long practical experience as many crops do.

The hay crop of Massachusetts is one of the most important crops, but we fail to produce enough for home consumption, large quantities being brought from outside of the State, and this is likely to continue for many years to come, therefore there is no danger of ever stocking the market. The demand for hay increases quite as fast as we increase production. The yearly increase of horses alone is probably sufficient to consume all of the increased production of hay. The cost of transportation of an article so bulky will always be sufficient to give the Massachusetts farmer an advantage over the Eastern or Western farmer, and will be likely to keep prices at a point where it will be profitable to raise all of the hay we need at home.

PROTECTING TREES FROM INJURY BY FIELD MICE.

Among the things that the farmer is likely to neglect, if not reminded of it, is that of protecting his trees from injury by field mice. Many young orchards are greatly injured, if not entirely ruined, because the owner neglected to spend a few moments to each tree in the autumn to shield them from the mice during the winter season.

The custom of mulching a young orchard during the warm season is a good one, but to permit the mulching to lay undisturbed especially when it is heaped up around the trunk of the trees, is not only not a good one, but is a very dangerous one, if the mulching is of a character to lay light enough for the mice to burrough under. An orchard that is mulched should have the mulching removed before cold weather sets in, or if it is desired to let the mulching lay over winter, it should be so far removed next to the trunk of the tree as to permit a mound of fresh earth to be made between the tree and the mulching; this will prevent the mice from reaching the tree, for they do not seem to know enough when they come to the mound to follow it up to the top until they reach the tree, in fact, a field mouse does not like to work in direct contact with the snow, but he always endeavors to travel low enough to have a covering of grass between himself and the snow. We do not remember to have ever seen a tree gnawed by a field mouse that could not be reached without passing over a foot or more of earth, in which there was no vegetable substance.

The season is now too late to protect the trees with earth, but if they are in danger, they may be protected by tying bark or zink around the trunk of the tree up six inches or more high. When an orchard has been neglected until the snow comes, if it is not mulched, by treading the snow hard around the trees it will usually prevent the mice from reaching them, but if mulched close to the trees this will do but little if any good, the only sure remedy will be to dig the snow away and remove the mulching.

In some localities there is but little danger of an orchard being injured by mice, while in others it is never safe to leave a tree unprotected, but in no locality is it ever safe to leave a young orchard mulched with any dry material, with no space between the mulching and the tree.

MORE LIGHT IN BARNS.

Here and there we see the old style barn built by our grandfathers, the only window being over the large doors, and this being but a single pane of glass in tight, and the length of the width of the two doors; through this come all of the light which entered the barn, except what came through the open cracks between the boards, the walls of the barn being without shingle, and as a rule, the cracks uncovered except on the north side. When the barn was filled with hay it was comfortably warm, but very dark; by mid-winter the hay being half consumed it left the walls unprotected, so that the barn would be very well lighted in clear weather, the light coming in between the boards, but where the light came in the cold winter winds sifted in to chill the cattle.

Our fathers built better barns, covering the walls with shingles or the cracks with narrow strips of boards. The light thus shut out, it was necessary to have more windows, so they put in just enough to enable them to see to feed their cattle. It was left for our generation to build barns that are tight and comfortable, as well as well ligated; but even at the present time many farmers do not realize the importance of a well-lighted cattle barn. Experiments which have been tried show that a herd of milch cows not only keep in better health by having plenty of light, but they give more milk. Every barn should be so constructed that on the side where the cattle stand there should not only be plenty of light but also plenty of sunshine. The practice which is far too prevalent of keeping cows in a basement that is dark and damp, is not a good one, because they do not get that sunshine and pure air so necessary for good health.

Every farmer should study to make the interior of his barn as comfortable and pleasant as possible. Nothing will aid him in this more than by letting in the sunshine by having plenty of windows on the sunny side of the barn. The objection brought against windows is the liability of the glass being broken. This is an objection, but the windows that are exposed may be protected for a trifling sum by covering them with wire netting. The day of dark barns has passed, but even some of our new barns would be improved by a few more windows.

☞ Those beginning bee-keeping should make the acquaintance of practical bee-keepers, and above all do not be afraid to ask questions. Apiarists, like all other naturalists, are usually enthusiastic in their profession, and glad to impart knowledge.

☞ See to the watering of the stock. Give only pure, clean water, and if possible, do not allow it to be too cold, as ice water does not produce the best results; better have it of a moderate temperature. Do not expose the flocks to the snow and cold rain.—[Rural New Yorker.

☞ If you think of planting largely of fruit trees in the spring, don't buy of the tree peddler, but order direct from the nursery. It may be that some of your neighbors would like a few, and by clubbing together they can be bought cheaper; and remember after the trees are planted that they will never amount to anything unless they are taken care of.—[Orange County Farmer.

☞ The cabbage worm, *Pieris rapæ*, is affected in certain localities in Illinois, by a disease somewhat similar to the one attacking the silk worm, which destroys them in great numbers. There is hope that, through the ravages of this disease and the attacks of the parasites, the worm will be so lessened in numbers as to be no longer a dangerous enemy to cabbage culture.—[Michigan Farmer.

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by full name of the correspondent.

HATCHING EGGS ARTIFICIALLY.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I should like to inquire of you, and through you of your readers, as to what success has been met with in hatching eggs artificially. I should like to know what proportion of eggs experimented upon were hatched, and what is the best process. I have made some experiments myself, though not meeting the success I expected, I became satisfied that the thing could be done, the result of my experience being that it was necessary to have good eggs, strong in vitality, and such a moist heat as while it did not dry them too much on the one hand, did not spoil them on the other, at the same time being hot enough for incubation. I think, judging from the fever of the setting hen, they should be kept two degrees or so hotter the first four or five days than would be necessary after the eggs had fully established a circulation of their own. I am also satisfied that only a top heat is necessary, the rest of the egg having warm air, but not so hot as the top, when the vital part of the egg floats as long as it can move, but when from the growth of the chicken it can move no more, it seems to me that under the circumstances of top heat the egg should not be moved, but always kept right side up. A rubber bag of flowing hot water would seem to me to be the best thing. I have not tried this, my experiments being conducted in a closed box with hot water pipes, the difficulty being, as I suppose, an uneven distribution of heat, and the whole surface of the egg being exposed to the heat, too much evaporation. Respectfully yours,

J. C.

Dedham, Mass., Dec. 3, 1883.

As a rule, hatching eggs by artificial heat has not been a success, and such may be said of the poultry business generally; in fact, we are not sure but it may also be said of all business, that success is the exception. Therefore, to say that hatching eggs by artificial heat is, as a rule, not a success, by no means condemns the practice, but it implies that with only ordinary knowledge of the business success will be very doubtful.

There are but few branches of business that people rush into with such reckless haste as the poultry business. In very many cases they are suddenly taken with the *hen fever*, the symptoms of which cannot be mistaken. In the first stages the victim will be seen hastening towards home with a hen under one arm and a poultry book under the other; in the second stage he will be heard in the small hours of the morning making hen yards and chicken coops; when the fever rages the highest he will be dissatisfied with hatching only a dozen eggs in one place at the expense of the continual presence of a hen; so he will purchase the first incubator that offers, and be very likely to get one made by an inventor in the last stages of the hen fever, whose zeal in the business has rendered him entirely unfit for the very difficult work of making an incubator that is better than the hen.

While there are few branches of business that promise better returns for the capital invested and the labor expended, when pursued by one who understands it and is particularly adapted to it, the poultry business is a business that should never be taken up by those who do not understand it and are not adapted to it, except in a small way to learn the trade.

There is no doubt that the incubator, when properly constructed, is an aid to those who know how to use it, and are experts in the poultry business. It requires quite as much skill to care for the chicks after they are hatched as to hatch them. It is the practice of some to set as many eggs under hens as are put in the incubator, having them all hatch at the same time, so as to divide the chicks hatched in the incubator among the hens thus set, thus giving them all mothers. A good hen will care for 20 or 25 chicks very well, except in cold weather. An incubator should always be made so as to be self-regulating. There are plenty of them in the market, some of which are the invention of men who, having recovered from the hen fever, know what they are about, and also what is wanted to make an incubator a success.

The communication of "J. C." indicates that he has given the subject much thought, and that he desires to thoroughly understand the business. Our advice would be to visit those who are using different incubators, see them in operation, and learn the good qualities and defects of each. In this way expensive mistakes may be avoided. Never depend on your own inventive powers to make an incubator until you have made yourself thoroughly acquainted with what is required, and have also become familiar with the good qualities and defects of those which are now in the market.—[ED.

A FAVORABLE POTATO SEASON.

The present season has been the most favorable for potatoes since 1875. The yield per acre, according to the Agricultural Department statistics, is ninety-three bushels, which will make the total product about 195,000,000 bushels, or three and one-half bushels per capita as the country's supply.

The rate of yield depends more on temperature and moisture of earth and air than upon the richness of soil. The peaty soils of the North and loams light and loose produce the largest yield. The prairie soils of the West, if not too dry or warm, yield large results. The present cool season attested this in Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. The crop in this belt is more than double that of 1881. The average yields gradually decrease toward the South; fifty, sixty or seventy bushels are fair averages there, yet there are soils in which large results are obtained.

Two crops of potatoes per annum are made by some growers. In the lower latitudes of Florida or the Gulf coast there may be made a regular winter crop. By taking advantage of the temperature and season best suited to the potato, it may be made, not only a crop yielding well, but also a productive one, by marketing in Northern cities before any possible competition affects prices.

The early potatoes in Maine yielded best if planted on warm soil; quality is generally superior. Rust greatly reduced the production in Aroostook County, where the starch manufacture consumes a large proportion of the crop.

New York returns an average yield of ninety-six bushels, generally of good quality, though there are reports of rot in several counties. In New Jersey there is no report of rot, except to a limited extent. The average yield of potatoes in Pennsylvania is eighty bushels.

The rate of yield in the South is higher than usual, and the area is increasing.

Many reports from Ohio claim this season's crop as the best for years. Reports from Indiana are of a similar tenor. In Missouri and the west of the Mississippi the returns of higher yields and good quality are almost universal.—[The World.

Stock Department.

THE MERITS OF THE HEREFORD.

(Farm and Home, Eng.)

Each breed of cattle must have certain features of its own unpossessed by any other to enable it to hold its proper position among other cattle. Unless this be the case, there is no necessity for its perpetuation or existence as separate from any other particular type of cattle. As a rule, the discussion of the merits of one breed invariably brings it into comparison with others; and it is frequently the case that such comparisons prove their odium by producing a controversy between the admirers of the respective breeds. Now, it very often happens that a breed of cattle which may exhibit very striking and important qualities under some conditions, may under another lose them in a great degree in favor of others, which under less favorable circumstances lay dormant. This is specially the case with the Hereford, which, under certain circumstances, loses many of its peculiar qualifications as a breed without taking on others. The result of this is, that this breed has been brought into existence, established—and we may hope perfected—in spite of some of these albuminoids having been developed in the muscle after death, but Reymond believes that there is no relation between the acidity of the muscles and the rigor mortis.

MERITS OF THE HEREFORD.—These are numerous, and the claims for it, that it will not do to congratulate oneself over the former if the bad parts be left out of the question. Amongst the former the most important—in fact, the foundation upon which the rest are more or less dependent for their stability—is a general robustness of form and strength of constitution. If we omit the several breeds of dwarfish cattle we have in these islands, there is no breed which can hope to rival the Hereford in these respects, except, perhaps, the Longhorn; but then the Longhorn is not what it was. But this fact notwithstanding, the Hereford and the old Cravenvales possesses a great likeness in their hardiness and hardihood. In connection with these qualities, the Hereford enjoys, as is always the case, an immunity from hereditary disease almost unique; whilst its ability to withstand, to some extent, and cope with epidemic disease, is equally remarkable. The absence of hereditary maladies amongst them is clear evidence of the avility and prescience of the men who first bred up to the ideal now exemplified in this splendid breed.

THE HEREFORDS AS FATTENERS.—The fattening qualities of the Hereford—and it is as a butcher's beast that it has won its fame—are well to the fore. These qualities comprise several minor merits, each of which contributes its share towards the common end. The first is the faculty of attaining an early maturity, and this the Hereford has second to none, although, of course, one or two other breeds take first rank conjointly with it. They are easily raised, and do not require any extraordinary quantity of food; nor does what they do require need to be of the first quality or all appertaining to the category of luxurious diet. The beef they put on is always bountiful and prime; nor does it vary in this respect to any material extent with the quality of the food. Indeed there is every reason for saying that in no other breed of beef producing cattle does the quality of the food exercise less influence on the meat than in this. There is, therefore, good reason to allow that the enthusiasts who claim for the Hereford greater all round beef producing properties than the Shorthorn, each *per se*, have no unweighty reason for what they state. Comparisons are, as said, already odious; but in this case the operation should prove instructive. No doubt under certain conditions the Shorthorn is capable of almost unlimited beef production; while under the same conditions the Hereford is unmistakably less so. But as grazing stock, and not as fancy beasts, the Hereford always equals—sometimes surpasses—the Shorthorn, as anyone who will forward to the showyard and visit the cattle market may learn for himself.

THE BREEDING PROPERTIES of this breed keep pace with its qualifications as a beef provider. Its fecundity is great, and the ease with which the young are reared is equally satisfactory; and in this respect it further shows itself to be a grand breed of cattle. The Shorthorn—our standard of excellence—is finely bred, while the Hereford, though equally pure, is not finely bred; and herein lies the difference between the breeding properties of the two; and who shall say which is to bear the palm? In fineness we often find weakness, where as no one can say that as a breeder the Hereford is not strong; and yet it has been said, and is frequently reiterated, that the Hereford when crossed continuously fails not only to exert any beneficial influence, but even to stamp its offspring. This, of course, is going too far, because no breed could fail to leave some trace behind; and if a splendid, robust, pure type of cattle like the Hereford be crossed with a nonentity, why then all our breeding principles go to the wind, and all the merits claimed for this breed vanish.

The Poultry Interest.

MANAGEMENT OF POULTRY.

(American Poultry Journal and Record.)

It is not easy to tell all the details of poultry management in a short article, but enough can be told to give the young fancier or breeder an idea how it should be done in a general way. The little details will suggest themselves as he goes along in his practical system of management, and in time the whole thing will be systematically carried out if he but gives a share of his time to the study and improvement of his domestic fowls.

The first thing in starting is to have a love for your feathered pets. If the "almighty dollar" is the paramount object you may succeed in a way, but your competitors who make the "dollar" a secondary object will outstrip you in the long run and gain a more lasting reputation, because the love and pleasure of breeding fowls will impel them onward in the march of improvement without self interest being the motive power.

The second thing in starting is to procure good stock although you may have to pay a good price for them. Poor fowl are dear at any price, for your time, labor, and trouble goes for nothing, a season is lost and you have made no progress, no improvement, no mark in a breeder, and no remuneration for all you have laid out, because you have made an injudicious investment in the beginning.

The third thing in starting is to have a suitable place for your fowls both in summer and winter and their quarters kept scrupulously clean and well ventilated, because to neglect these things will most assuredly bring on vermin and disease, and finally loss, disgust, and discouragement with the business.

The fourth thing in starting is to feed moderately on a varied diet of grain, green and animal food suitable for the seasons and the objects in view, taking into consideration certain periods of growth when the fowl require plenty of food to aid development, and at times when they are laying to increase prolificness, because the same quantity and kinds will not do for all seasons, for they require more food of a heating nature in cold weather than they do during the warm months.

The fifth thing in starting is to select and mate the best cocks and hens for breeders. This is absolutely necessary, for if it is not done continuously, the stock will deteriorate by degrees until they become degenerate and unprofitable as thoroughbreds, because they have been worked up from unimproved stock by selection and care, and to keep up the standard or the improvement of the fowl the best and none but the best in the most essential qualities should be mated,—those of prepotent powers and possessing marked characteristics indicating strongly some excellent qualities fully equal if not superior to their sires and dams. By procuring superior parents and afterwards selecting the best specimens of their produce that possess all the higher qualities of the breed, the most beneficial results will be obtained. Every breeder should know how to choose the birds he wants for breeding, and it should be done with a view to reproduce their like. The sire should possess superior form, stamina, and color, whatever these may be in the variety selected, and these qualities should come from a reliable source possessing these indicated qualities in full vigor and beauty. In choosing hens, look first for good layers, fair size, vigorous constitution, color even and pure, symmetrical form, and the most perfect in general characteristics, and you are pretty sure, as a rule, to obtain by this combination a superior progeny.

☞ It is poor policy to winter poor stock.

☞ The farmer who hasn't got his tools under shelter is not smart.

☞ The honey crop of the country last year was estimated at rising 40,000,000 pounds.

☞ Give the hens a variety of food. Throw them a lock of early cut hay occasionally. They seem to prefer June grass or red-top.

☞ Mr. Jones, Ontario, Canada, is credited with having the largest bee farm in the world. This season's produce is set down at 70,000 pounds.

☞ If you would have sound horses keep their litter dry and clean. If they are allowed to stand on manure that is heating and fermenting, it will result in soft hoofs and lameness.

☞ Surprise your wife by getting up enough wood this month to last a year. You will be surprised how much more comfortable it is than green wood. None but the rich can afford to burn green wood.—[Orange County Farmer.

☞ Clear rye bran should never be fed to fowls, on account of its swelling and caking in masses in the crop, and proving fatal to chicken life not unfrequently. It will thus sodden and increase in bulk very rapidly before digesting, causing rupture of the crop, if any great quantity has been eaten.—[Germantown Telegraph.

☞ The Germantown Telegraph says: "To grow good crops of blackberries the soil should be good and especially deep, for the roots run down wonderfully when possible for them to do so; and as the growing fruit requires its greatest nourishment in the usually dry month of August, it is an advantage to have deep soil for the roots to draw a supply from. A deep, sandy soil will generally grow the best crop of berries, while a clay soil tends to produce rust. Good cultivation, good soil, and a judicious use of manure make stout and vigorous canes, with a crop of berries in increased ratio.

Questions & Answers

FEEDING GRAIN TO POULTRY.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Please inform me through the columns of the *Ploughman*, what quantity of grain I should feed daily to forty hens, to keep them in proper condition for laying. Should bone meal be fed dry? Yours,

READER.

Newtonville, Mass., Dec. 12, 1883.

As nothing is said about the size or breed of hens, it would be impossible to say just how much to feed them. A medium sized hen will consume the value of from four to five pecks of corn in a year, varying in amount according to the extent of range given. The best way to feed hens is to give them what they will eat up clean before they go to roost at night. Whenever food is given them that is mixed with water, like meal or boiled vegetables, care should be taken to give them only what they will eat up clean in less than an hour; if anything is then left it should be taken away and kept until the next day, for while corn or oats may be kept before hens all day without injury to their appetite, meal or vegetables cannot, especially in warm weather. Hens that are to be kept in good condition for laying must be fed on a variety, such as corn, wheat, barley, oats, meal, boiled vegetables and some meat; not giving all kinds in one day, but during the week, dividing the quantities as close observation and good judgment may indicate is best. Bones should be given dry, but should not be ground fine; coarse ground the size of oats is the best.

—[ED.

NEWSPAPER WRAPPER PROTECTION, ETC.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I read in your valuable journal, (*Mass. Plougman*) of Dec. 1st, that two thicknesses of newspaper make a good lining for apple barrels. 1st. Will the barrels lined keep the apples from rotting? 2d. Will newspaper thus wrapped around waterpipes exposed to the cold, prevent the water in the pipes from freezing? 3d. Would you advise me to dump the contents of my privy in a hole sufficiently large to hold it, and let it remain undisturbed 'till spring, and then spread it on my little plot of forty rods? Being no farmer I will write to you for information in respect to the above. By answering my questions you will greatly oblige,

Yours truly, J. F.

Amesbury, Mass.

1st. No, but it will no doubt keep the air in the barrels a more even temperature, which is one of the aids to the prevention of decay. To keep apples well they should be stored in a cool place where the temperature will not vary ten degrees, from five degrees above the freezing point.

2d. No, not if the weather is very cold; it will be an aid to protection, but not safe to rely on in exposed positions. Dry sawdust packed around a pipe, 4 to 6 inches thick is a good protection, but if wet it is of but little use. Dry wood ashes is better than sawdust, and pulverized charcoal is better than either; but whatever substance is used, care should be taken to keep it dry.

3d. Yes, if you will mix with it dry muck or fine loam and coal ashes; mixed well together it will make a compost that will be an excellent fertiliser next spring, for almost any crop.—[ED.

FOUL IN THE FOOT.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I would recommend "C. R. D." to try verdigris and sugar of lead, in equal parts, as a remedy for his cows that are troubled with foul in the foot. It should be applied with a swab. Owing to its poisonous nature care should be used to prevent the cow's licking her foot. I have had several cows that have had the disease. It has proved a sure cure in each case. Yours, H. H. S.

Hopkinton, N. H.

LARGE EGGS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have a Plymouth Rock hen of medium size, one year old last April, laid Nov. 11 an egg which measured 8 inches in length by 6 inches in circumference at the largest part. When opened it contained three full yolks but very little white; it weighed over 3 3-4 ounces. Nov. 13 she laid another which measured seven inches by five inches, weighed three ounces, contained two full yolks. Afterwards laid three other full sized eggs.

She had hardly got through moultings having no tail feathers and but few on the back part of her body.

She was so surprised when she laid the big egg that she forgot to cackle, and sneaked away from the nest. G. T. M.

Dorchester, Dec. 10, 1883.

HYACINTH BULBS.

In selecting hyacinth bulbs, remember that the largest are rarely the best, and choose by preference fair sized bulbs with *a good firm crown*. A hyacinth planted the first of November will take three months in blooming; one planted in January will flower in thirty days. Soil for hyacinths should be rich and contain a large proportion of sand. Keep the soil well saturated with moisture, but not too wet. A pot four or five inches in diameter is large enough for one plant; one six inches in diameter is sufficiently large for two; and one twelve inches in diameter for ten. Do not force the bulb into the soil but make a place for it with the fingers. The upper surface of the bulb should just show above the soil. Or for winter blooming the bulbs may be started in water. Let the base of the bulb just touch the water and replenish it as it is removed by evaporation. The bulbs should be kept in a cool, dark place till a couple of weeks before it is desired that they shall flower. In such a place the root formation will develop though there will be very little top formed. Some days before the blossoms are wanted remove the plant to a room where the temperature is a little less than 70 degrees.—[Exchange.

☞ An Italian claims to have discovered that by drenching the foliage of grapevines with a solution of soda the filaments of the mildew fungus will be shriveled, while the leaves will remain uninjured. A Wisconsin nurseryman, however, advises the use of flowers of sulphur, which he believes a good remedy, also, when applied to the vines and when added to the soil surrounding them.

☞ Keep steel bits in a warm place until wanted for use. It is cruel to put a frosty bit into a horse's mouth.

Correspondence.

NOVA SCOTIA

And Massachusetts Farming Compared.

The Weather—Application of Manure—Root Crops, Ensilage Corn—Visit to Deerfoot Farm, Southboro, Mass.

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

While making a hurried run through Massachusetts, and visiting some of the principal dairy farms near Boston, it was very satisfactory to observe how comfortably a family may live upon a northern farm. I felt the weather just as cold in Massachusetts as ever I did in Nova Scotia. The land needs just as much manure, indeed we have lands along the Southern slope of the North Mountains, in Cornwallis and Annapolis vallies, along both sides of and around the head of Cobequia Bay which will give a good fair annual return for a scanty supply of manure at long intervals, say once from 3 to 5 years. This description applies to our warmest and best soils, principally made from the decomposition of amygdaloidal trap, and is similar to the soils of the Lothians in Scotland. The country was covered with a foot of snow and one could not judge very accurately of the soil except by the rocks which generally appeared to be of the granite class, indicating a poor soil. I know from actual experiment that with the same cultivation we can grow as heavy a crop of ensilage corn as can be produced in Massachusetts. And our soil and climate are remarkably favorable for all kinds of root crops. It is true that a few producers living within a paying distance of the large cities of the United States who take very extra pains to produce a fancy article and put it up in a fancy style, get for it a fancy price, but the average price for farm produce in Boston appeared to be about the same as in Halifax. My object, however, Mr. Editor, is not so much to draw a comparison between the countries, nor to compare small things with great, as to tell you how much pleased and instructed I was with my journey, and particularly my visit to Deerfoot Farm at Southboro', 30 miles north of Boston, the property of Mr. Edward Burnett. There were so many things to see there that in a visit of an hour or two it was impossible to take them all in. One would require a day of close application to master all the details of the indoor operations alone of Mr. Burnett's establishment.

Thinking it over now the whole is before me like a marvellous vision of what science combined with business tact may accomplish; and I am sure, Mr. Editor, if you could spare a day for the purpose of giving your readers an unbiased view of that farm and its operations, your efforts would be highly appreciated, particularly in this eastern part of North America where such enterprises are unknown. I began at the piggery, which, with its extent and appliances for preparing food, feeding and cleaning, was worth the journey. I cannot speak of the different breeds, they were all of the small boned, thin skinned variety, and of all sizes, from little sucking and store pigs to the larger sized, fattening up to be killed, and apparently the young man who attended them was instructed to follow the good advice of old Father Tusser,

"Let hog once fat,
Lose nothing of that."

I then went to the cooling house, where four porkers just killed were hung up, looking as clean and white as snow, and was particularly impressed with the hardness of the fat and the firmness of the meat. The next department showed the pork in course of being cut up for bacon, sausage meat, etc. For the latter purpose the finest and tenderest is used. I saw the whole process of making sausages; it is delightful. Every part of the chopper and other apparatus is so clean and complete that the human hand can scarcely be said to touch the meat. The sausages when made are put into a small room where a current of cold air is brought to bear upon them, and when sufficiently cooled they are put up in small packages and boxed up for market.

I next examined the herd of Jerseys, but for want of time could not follow out the peculiar points of excellence and pedigree of each individual. Each beast was marked with a number on its forehead to correspond with the number in the Herd Book.

The principal object of interest, however, was the creamery. Here I found a machine at work which I had neither seen nor heard of before, and I must admit that I was taken by surprise. It was a machine or instrument for removing cream from new milk by centrifugal force. The machine is entirely too complicated for me to describe, but one can see that its application may be more extensive than would appear at the first glance. One remark I may make in reference to the wonderful cleanness obtained by this centrifugal method. No matter how clean you are about milk, little impurities will get in. I am, perhaps, somewhat fastidious, and before milking I always wash the cows, and yet in the bottom of a white dish that has sat for several hours little particles will appear which one would rather not see. Now this centrifugal skimmer, if the term may be used, separates the fluid into layers according to its specific gravity. A clover crop turned under is one of the best preparations for wheat. The seed-bed should be made very fine by ploughing and harrowing, and part of the manure should be kept near the surface to stimulate growth before winter sets in. Clean seed, sowing while the soil is moist, etc., are important items with this crop. With suitable attention to details, wheat can be profitably grown in all New England.

☞ Harry Sedgewick, Cornwall Hollow, Conn., has a pair of Percheron mares weighing about 1400 pounds each. In driving them forty miles from his home to the State Fair they easily averaged seven miles per hour. In addition to this natural trotting pace they have that also of fast walking, which is still more essential. Now, this is exactly the kind of horse which is wanted in pairs by the local markets. It is manifest that there is nothing in the soil or climate to prevent successful wheat growing. In the valley of the Connecticut River, wheat is grown to a considerable extent in rotation with tobacco. The small tobacco plots of one to three acres receive the bulk of the manure made on the farm and considerable additions of concentrated fertilizers, for years in succession. Wheat sown upon such land is almost uniformly successful, yielding twenty-five to thirty-five bushels to the acre, according to the fertility and fineti.th of the soil. One of the few good things that can be said of tobacco is that it compels manuring highly, and thorough cultivation, to secure a remunerative crop. The manure, the fine tilth and freedom from weeds are just the treatment needed for successful wheat growing. The conditions can be supplied on most New England farms, and at least wheat enough be grown for the family. The soil selected should be well drained, and in good heart. A wet subsoil, where water is thrown on the surface in heavy rains, and there is much freezing and thawing in winter and spring, is death to the crop. If the soil is not rich, it must be made so, either by turning in green crops, or by applying fertilizers. A clover crop turned under is one of the best preparations for wheat. The seed-bed should be made very fine by ploughing and harrowing, and part of the manure should be kept near the surface to stimulate growth before winter sets in. Clean seed, sowing while the soil is moist, etc., are important items with this crop. With suitable attention to details, wheat can be profitably grown in all New England.

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Floriculture.

WINDOW GARDENING.

(N. Y. World.)

Window gardening is practised largely for the decoration of the sitting-room and parlor during the fall, winter and spring months in localities where the climate does not admit of out-of-door gardening the year round. Each season the demand for window-boxes and basket plants increases, and directions concerning these by so able a florist as Peter Henderson comes very opportunely. Following are, in brief, suggestions made by Mr. Henderson in a paper recently read before the New York Horticultural Association.

A simple window box is made of square slats an inch or so in thickness. These are placed an inch apart at the bottom and side. This, like the wire window box, gives ample drainage, which is always a great advantage to the plants; for besides freely allowing the water to pass off, the spaces allow the air to get through the soil to the roots, a most valuable advantage to the health of the plants. As in wire boxes, moss or some such material must be placed against the slat work to prevent the soil washing through when watering. No matter what material the window box is made of, outlets for water must be provided, either by making holes an inch or so in diameter at distances of six inches apart on the bottom or making the bottom of slats placed one-half an inch or so apart. The length and breadth of the window box, of course, should conform to the size of the sill, but they should never exceed six inches in depth.

The soil for window boxes is the same as for plant culture in pots; the best is that formed by rotted sods with a little well decomposed stable manure mixed with it.

Some of the seedlings or plants have grown so as to be well established in the boxes they should be copiously watered once every other day. If the weather be dry and the boxes are exposed to the full glare of the noonday sun, no light sprinkling will answer—the water must be poured on until it runs out at the bottom of the box. If, however, they are partly shaded, or if the weather is cloudy or wet, judgment, of course, must be used in the matter of watering. The rule with all plants in pots and boxes is never to water until the soil is dry, and then water thoroughly.

Hanging baskets are best when made of rustic or wire. As hanging baskets are exposed on all sides to the air, they will require more attention in watering than window boxes. The simplest and most efficient way, after the plants have been well established, is, when dry, to immerse the whole basket in a tub of water. This is particularly essential if the basket is made of wire or any such material. Rustic baskets, of course, do not drain off so freely, and immersing them in water is not so essential, so that the rule for watering window boxes may be adapted to them. The plants suitable for hanging baskets may be similar to that used for window boxes. An attractive arrangement consists in a graceful plant in the centre of the basket with some climbing plant about the edge to droop over the sides of the basket.

WHEAT AS A STAPLE CROP IN NEW ENGLAND.

(American Agriculturist.)

According to the latest definite statistics (the last Census), no State exceeded Connecticut in the average yield per acre of wheat, except Colorado, where the average was twenty-two bushels, against nineteen bushels in Connecticut and about the same in Indiana, Michigan, and Wyoming Territory. Ohio came next with eighteen, Oregon, Vermont and Illinois followed with seventeen; California and Utah with sixteen; New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts match Pennsylvania with fifteen; and Rhode Island equals New York with fourteen bushels. So we have all the New England States among the highest sixteen; Connecticut and Vermont among the highest eight. Colorado's exceptional large average teaches a practical lesson. It was due no doubt to the extensive irrigation secured by damming her mountain streams, and turning the waters over the dry but rich land. Two or three irrigations in addition

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1883.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

A Few Holiday Words—At this holiday season, when people are looking about for suggestions in relation to what is most appropriate and felicitous in the way of gifts, we may be allowed to present, as we now do, to their consideration, the *Ploughman* as a particularly profitable gift, whether from father to son or mother to daughter or one friend to another, in the form of a receipted one year's subscription. It is certain that the donor will thus be more frequently and gratefully remembered by the recipient than in any other way. The *Ploughman's* weekly visit will be a reminder of the thoughtful kindness of the one presenting it all through the year, or until the holiday season comes round again. Nothing constitutes a more sterling present than a body of choice reading which stimulates and informs the mind and sets it in productive activity. A year's perusal of the *Ploughman* each week will be very sure to do this. The result cannot fail to be something for which one friend will remain grateful to another. In its columns are to be found the freshest and most authoritative views and opinions on agricultural matters in every department. Current intelligence is presented in connection with careful commentary. The original tales and selected reading matter are always designed to be unexceptional and highly attractive. And the wide variety of the advertising department brings ready suggestions of the mode of supplying individual wants to almost every one's own door. We therefore cordially invite the readers of the *Ploughman* to consider the fitness of selecting it for a holiday present to their friends.

Not over 6000 miles of railway have been constructed up to date during the current year.

Graveyard insurance is the business that has caused particular excitement of late in Fall River.

Speaker Carlisle finds it a much more difficult matter than he anticipated to select and arrange the standing committees of the House.

The holiday recess of Congress begins on Friday of this week, and will continue until the beginning of the second week in January.

The return of Senator Anthony to the chair of the Senate was a pathetic scene, but slightly disguised by the formal and stately ceremonies of the occasion.

Memorial services for the lost fishermen of Gloucester were held in the Universalist Church of that town last Sunday morning, in the presence of a large audience.

The Prussian Crown Prince is to pay a visit to Rome and the Pope, and will be lodged at the Quirinal while he is there. He has got a delicate piece of work before him.

The advent of Henry Irving has given a powerful impulse to the sentiment that has long been gathering hostility against the "star" system in theatrical representations.

The Soldiers' Day at the Foreign Exhibition in this city was a sight to be seen of all who themselves saw none of the exciting and thrilling scenes of the war. The Exhibition of itself is something to be made the very most of while it remains in the city.

The first real snowstorm of the season occurred on Monday, and renewed itself on Tuesday in a lighter form, fully a foot of snow having fallen altogether. The snow was light, though there was such a quantity of it, but car travel was not obstructed.

O'Donnell's execution at Newgate created a very wide curiosity to learn the details of the event at the earliest date. At no time had his respite been seriously hoped for. His death was that of a thoroughly brave man, who had his nerves under perfect self-control.

☞ Hon. Charles L. Flint, late secretary of the Mass. State Board of Agriculture, got a vote for School Committee at the city election of Boston, Dec. 11th, inst., that anybody might be proud of. If 53,272 votes are not enough to make a man think he has Boston's confidence, perhaps somebody can tell how many would be.

The tramp is reported from the country districts as being both numerous and troublesome, and it is obvious that by far the larger number of the class are sent us from abroad. It is charged that the present large number of tramps now wandering abroad is chiefly due to the fact that the officers in charge of the poor in England have, with the aid of the British Government, have been sending over paupers and vagrants to us by the hundreds.

A UNIFORM SYSTEM OF BANKRUPTCY.

We have before us an elaborately prepared pamphlet, instituting in three parallel columns a comparison of the Lowell Bankruptcy Bill in the form in which it was recommended by the Senate Committee of the last Congress, the United States Act of 1867, and the English Act of 1883. Appended to this comparison is a thorough analysis of the Lowell bill as amended by the Senate Judiciary Committee. The work has been done by Morris S. Wise, counsellor-at-law in New York, for the New York Board of Trade and Transportation. The existence of a National Bankrupt Law is conceded to be a matter of the very first public interest and importance. The valuable features of the proposed Lowell Bill, which has been prepared with such thoroughness and care, are apparent on the most superficial inspection of this present statement. It overcomes all the objectionable features of the old Act of 1867, and has been drawn specially to avoid many of the intolerable evils which existed under the former law and led to its final repeal. Proceedings, for instance, are expedited by the abolition of the fee system of remunerating officials and by paying them salaries instead. The powers of the commissioners are enlarged for the accommodation and protection of suitors, especially in sparsely settled districts; and where extra court machinery is not warranted, the judge himself is to do the work of the commissioner.

The Lowell bill also compels trustees to account more expeditiously, so that the estate must be wound up more rapidly than before. It forbids the incurring of any expenses save by the sanction of a committee of direction elected by the creditors. And the entire proceedings are placed under the watchful care of a new salaried officer, termed a supervisor, whose duty will be to guard the interests of all concerned by detecting wrong doing or omission of duty and reporting it. The composition clause of the bill will be found to contain many novel and highly just, as well as practical, arrangements, all of them tending to protect the rights of creditors as well as of honest debtors. And, further, discharges cannot be obtained in the easy way in which they were had under the former law, the section of the bill devoted to crimes and their punishment having been framed to successfully overcome the constitutional objections urged against the former provisions on the subject. In a word, the Lowell Bill has been drawn on the theory that the honest creditor should be protected, the dishonest debtor punished, and the honest, though unfortunate, once relieved from mercantile disaster and restored to his capacity for usefulness in the business community.

There can scarcely be a more important question presented to the whole country at this time than that of whether we should have a uniform system of bankruptcy to meet our many and varied business necessities. The estimate has been made that at the present time there are not less than 100,000 persons who have failed in business and are owing debts which they are unable to pay, in consequence of misfortunes that have overtaken them since the repeal of the bankrupt law of 1867. This is a large body of our fellow citizens, unfortunates, who are precluded from engaging in any commercial transactions, and in fact from every kind of work but the very simplest by which to earn a bare living for themselves and their families. It is to our standing disgrace as a civilized nation that under our laws we wilfully withhold relief from this large class of unfortunate citizens, who are none the less meritorious on account of having been overtaken with misfortune. The Lowell bill adopts the system of law from prior legislation; the system of administration under it is new, and carefully framed to avoid all that was complained of in the past; and to certify to its intrinsic and permanent value, it has been considered and reconsidered by the business men of the whole country.

The Forest Question.—This is becoming a question of public interest that cannot be too engrossing a one. It is far from being answered in the ordinary dollar and cent way, but involves all our other interests, and in fact, our continued prosperity. The question of climate and its admitted influences, of agriculture, of the public health, of our internal ways, of the security of our towns and villages lying on the banks of rivers,—each one of these questions pertains to the preservation of our existing forests, to say nothing of the associated subject of new plantations. Furthermore, the matter concerns not this present generation alone, but the generations of the long future stretching before us. The full and even flow of our great river system is a subject quite large enough to engage the best thoughts of our prominent public men and our best citizens.

CHRISTMAS.

The most precious and best beloved of all our annual festivals comes round again, bringing Winter and its many endearing associations in its company. Christmas comes to us through the deep shadows of the Middle Ages, out of the populated German forests, through the wide old halls of English early life, and across the waters of the stormy Atlantic. It was where it became entangled for so many centuries in the German forests that it drew the most of its picturesque features, which were afterwards mellowed at the great open fire places of our English ancestors. Here it has become considerably modified, and is being still more so to suit the rapidly varying requirements of our restless modern life. What is esteemed ancient and venerable in it is being slowly changed both in form and spirit. Instead of its being the chosen time for a mysterious Saint to come out of the midnight with his pack of presents for the children in every household, it is the day for the giving and receiving of gifts by old and young alike, as tokens of continued affection and pledges of renewed friendships. The Gift, in truth, is the Christmas symbol, and has now come to give to the Day its most striking significance as well as to excite for its chief social pleasure.

In New England, though the early course of events naturally tended to a rejection of this annual festival, the lapse of time is now fast accomplishing what nothing else could accomplish. Christmas is becoming with us a social festival, with primarily a religious significance. It opens what is now our universally accepted Holiday season; a season of hilarity, of gifts, of the freer exchange of social feeling, and of the warmer manifestation of universal sentiment. We are all made to feel that what custom has most properly consecrated to Childhood, since Christmas is the simple commemoration of the birthday of Christ, has in some mysterious way diffused its influence until the Childhood spirit pervades society at large. It certainly can lose nothing by accepting such a belief, whether the fact be wholly so or not; for all communities are humanized and Christianized only as they are infused with that innocent and fresh spirit which glorifies and crowns the Festival that is now about to dawn on us. If childhood is the beauty and the promise of human life and society, surely one day in the whole year is not too much to devote to it, with intent to make as much of it as possible our own. And this free and joyous giving of gifts is of all things the true symbol of that spirit which best expresses what childhood in its innocency feels.

The churches celebrate this festival day with demonstrations of a rejoicing reverence that is paid to no other day in the whole year. They are attended at this time by throngs of glad and admiring worshippers. Here on their altars is kindled the flame of holy joy over the event which marks the birth of a new era for the world. The forests themselves come in procession through their doors to clothe their walls at this time with a living verdure, significant of the undying influence of the Nativity. The noblest strains of music load the air with expressions more nearly adequate than all to the character of the event thus celebrated. Men need not fear that they part with any of their cherished dignity by sincerely participating in its worshipful commemoration. The birthday which the Christian world will celebrate on Tuesday next is that of One who spoke as never man spoke before him; who taught men a new truth, and in a new way; whose coming and brief stay on earth has from that time given a spiritual meaning to life, and thus redeemed it from the darkness in which it left us all to grope our way. As the founder of the religion we universally accept, whose corner-stone is simply love to God and love to one another, none who ever came to us with a message deserves such remembrance at our hands. Christmas is observed as the day of His birth

FARMERS' CONVENTION IN CONNECTICUT.

The Annual Meeting of the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture is held during the current week, at Waterbury, in that State, beginning on Wednesday and ending with Friday. The Meeting is a full one, and attended by many of the best known and most advanced agriculturists of the State. The programme of the proceedings is one of exceptional interest. On Wednesday, the first day, there was a statement of Peach Experiences, by P. M. Augur, Pomologist of the State Board; a lecture on The Farmer's Small Fruit Garden, by J. H. Hale; a discussion on Corn; and a lecture on Sheep, by Hubbard, Concerning Things which Seem Worthless. On Thursday, the second day of the Meeting, occurred a lecture on Farm Labor in New England, by S. P. Chamberlain; a lecture on The Health of the Farmer and his Family by Dr. G. A. Bowen; and a lecture by Prof. W. H. Brewer on The Educational Influences of the Farm.

On Friday, the third day, the exercises consisted of a lecture on Various Views of Farming by A. W. Cheever; a lecture on The Conflict of Civilization with its own Waste, by J. B. Olcott; and a paper by Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, entitled The Two Mrs. Tuckers. Three sessions were held on each day, and the reading of the lectures was followed by a free discussion among those present. The propounding of questions by the audiences was the best proof of the real interest felt in the proceedings. The Farmers Clubs of the State sent numerous representations to the Convention, and thus aided in giving it that popular character which it is the special wish of the State Board to impart to it. The Question Box proved, as before, an effective adjunct in the success of the Meeting. The exhibition of fruits, grains, nuts, and other farm products, under charge of the Pomologist, was one that excited universal interest and imparted direct and valuable instruction. The opportunity was likewise improved to test fruits and exchange Scions. The poultry growing interest likewise formed a feature of striking interest, exhibiting as it did samples of eggs, models of coops, improved feeding arrangements, etc. The bee keepers also showed their honey, honey boxes and improved hives. As a whole, the Meeting, which formed the nucleus and inspiration of the Farmers' Convention, was one to greatly encourage the State Board of Connecticut to pursue steadily the course on which it has fairly entered, confident that its efforts will result in the regeneration of the agricultural industry of the State.

Mr. Bancroft in Washington.—As everybody knows, Mr. Bancroft has his summer house at Newport and his winter house in Washington. He likes a residence at the national capitol above all things, and only wishes he had decided to establish himself there ten years before he did. He says of Washington that it is the only American city where "society" really exists,—that is the meeting and intermingling of men and women on true social conditions. Everywhere else he says, is it—who were your father and mother? or, what do you do? or, what are you worth? There it is, what are you? and, what can you contribute toward the enlightenment or the entertainment of others? Mr. Bancroft predicts an ultimate population of half a million for Washington.

Essex Agricultural Society Farmers' Institute.—A Farmer's Institute will be held at the Town Hall, Peabody, on Thursday, Dec. 27th, 1883, at 9.30 o'clock, A. M. *Forenoon*—Subject: Fertilizers, by J. H. Gregory. *Afternoon*—Subject: Field Culture of Roots and Vegetables, by Benj. P. Ware. All persons interested are invited to be present and take part in the discussions. Ladies are particularly invited. The Boston & Maine and Eastern Rail roads are expected to furnish free Return Tickets from the several points on their lines.

MASS. AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION.

Bulletin No. 5.

The November Bulletin of the Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station contains, in the division of Fodder Analyses, one of hay of winter rye; one of hay of oats, involving a somewhat elaborate statement accompanying it, in which are contained many timely and valuable suggestions; one of cotton seed meal; one of gluten meal; and examinations of skim milk for fat. The other division of Fertilizer Analyses contains four of turf; three of fish and potash; and the remaining fifteen of ammoniated superphosphates and complete manures. They will all be found to convey practical as well as scientific information. The Bulletin says that an economical system of feeding our farm stock ought to begin with an intelligent cultivation of our leading fodder crops; that we ought to raise them with a view to promote the special development of their most valuable nutritious constituents; and to select the crops for cultivation with reference to the particular adaptation of soil, climate and location to favor the production of the best of its kind. And the introduction of a greater variety of fodder crops cannot fail to assist materially in gaining the desirable end.

A Library for the State College.—President Greenough of the State Agricultural College has, we learn, secured pledges of money amounting to $6000 for a Library Fund for the College, the conditions being that other subscriptions be volunteered which shall make the entire amount of $10,000. There can be but little question that the remainder will be readily forthcoming from friends of the College, of which it is unnecessary to say it has many in all parts of the State. Here is an opportunity for one person or for several to lay the foundation for such a literary institution as shall only expand its facilities for usefulness and enrich its capacity for imparting valuable instruction, but help give it permanency and solidity in the minds of the people of the State. As soon as the requisite $10,000 shall have been secured, the State will be requested, of course, to erect a suitable building for this beginning of the library which shall ultimately become wholly worthy of the College and answer all its increasing requirments.

Farmers' Institute at North Adams.—Benjamin P. Ware, of the State Board of Agriculture, addressed an Institute of the Hoosac Valley Agricultural Society at North Adams, Wednesday, Dec. 19th, inst. The gathering of farmers, though not large on account of the severe weather, came for purposes of instruction, and listened attentively to an address of three hours from Mr. Ware, on the subject of *"Field Culture of Roots and Vegetables;"* and at its close the audience manifested a desire for still further talk on the subject. The departure of the train, however, rendered it necessary for Mr. Ware to close.

American Pork Abroad.—In view of what has recently been said and done about American pork in foreign countries, and more particularly in Germany, France, and Great Britain, Mr. Henderson has introduced a bill in Congress whose spirit may seem in a large degree retaliatory, but which will nevertheless appeal with more or less success to the general feeling of the country. It gives the President power, during a recess of Congress, to prohibit the importation of any articles deemed injurious to the health of the public from all countries which exclude American products on the same ground. Here certainly is an open avowal of distinct retaliation. But it is clear that no such measure would work, unless it worked mischief, without first specifying the articles to be excluded and the conditions on which such exclusion is to be established. We note that France has recently recalled her orders against American pork.

O'Donnell's Execution.—The murderer of the informer, Carey, paid the extreme penalty of the law on Monday morning, at precisely 8 o'clock. His demeanor on the scaffold was calm and self-contained, and he appeared the most unconcerned of any present. The executioner performed his duty precisely as the neighboring clocks were striking eight. The streets were crowded, but the throng was quiet and orderly. O'Donnell's brother remained to the last, occupying a position in a doorway opposite the prison in view of the flagstaff, up which the black flag was run to announce that all was over. He was an object of the deepest popular sympathy. When the black flag was hoisted, he removed his hat and remained for some moments apparently praying. He remained for some time after the execution. The death of O'Donnell was instantaneous.

Massachusetts Horticultural Society.—At the meeting for discussion to be held Saturday, Dec. 22, the subject for discussion will be "Carnations, Pansies and Violets." The meeting will be at the Library Room, Horticultural Hall, Tremont Street, Boston, at 11 o'clock. The usual invitation is extended to all inerested to attend.

Great Barrington Agricultural Society.—The meeting of the agricultural society of Great Barrington this week was one of the best meetings the farmers have ever had, says the *Springfield* Republican. They elected the old board of officers and exchanged views on many questions pertaining to agriculture. There was a lively discussion about thoroughbred cattle. Mr. Nye thought they had done much to improve the stock throughout the county, while Mr. Beebe from the Bantoon District, thought otherwise. The Jersey cattle were especially mentioned as the most valuable stock ever brought into the county. There were very many Jerseys in the different towns and they were undoubtedly improving the stock. President Milton of the Berkshire Agricultural Society has been invited to be present and address them in the country. He has imported several of them the past season, having selected them while in England last spring. George Pomeroy Vernon, interested the Great Barrington meeting for some time in Merino sheep, which have been successfully raised in Vermont for years. They have been very favorably noticed in the county past and their wool has always commanded a good price. It may be said that in Berkshire and Vermont, almost exclusively of late, the farmers have found that cows pay much better. M. J. Wheeler of the State Board of Agriculture made some remarks, and speeches were also made by P. A. Chadbourne, Dr. Goodworth, the oldest member of the agricultural society, and by many others. Lundford Tickner gave the farmers an excellent dinner at the Agricultural house. He had the dining room handsomely decorated, a large plough being placed over the centre table and around it various farm products, such as corn, rye and other grains.

The Franklin Harvest Club—The members of the above Club, with their wives, met on Saturday last with N. Austin Smith of Sunderland, making a company of about 50 in all. Mr. Grinnell read an exhaustive paper on "Forestry and Care of Woodlands," S. L. Parsons one, on the question as to whether farmers of New England should raise their own grain; John M. Smith one on feeding stock. A discussion then followed on the Forestry question. These were all subsequent to an excellent dinner. The next meeting will be with E. H. Judd of South Hadley, Dec. 29th.

☞ *The International Newspaper Agency*, of which H. P. Hubbard of New Haven, Conn., is the energetic and successful proprietor, is an institution of many years standing, pursuing business methods of which we can freely speak with a confidence that comes of personal satisfaction. The open accounts of this Agency with American newspapers are reported by the proprietor to be not more than 8,000 in number, and it is in view of this immense and constantly increasing business that he has announced that hereafter all bills received will be dated and entered on an alphabetical list the day they are received, and after being audited as fast as possible will be paid in the regular order of their receipt. This improvement in the manner of transacting business it but another proof of the thoroughness with which the proprietor of the International Agency pursues the plan originated by him in the establishment of the Agency. The *Ploughman* has transacted a large amount of advertising business through Mr. Hubbard, and has at all times found him prompt, accommodating, true to his engagements, and of admirable enterprise in business.

☞ The *Enterprise Manufacturing Co.* of Pennsylvania offer to the public at this season a new "Meat Chopper," which they claim to be an entirely new departure in this line. It differs both in principle and practice from any other machine hitherto invented for cutting or chopping meat. Its operation is not to tear or grind the meat apart, but to *chop* it with a cut like that made by a pair of shears. Those who have been accustomed to the use of the old style sausage cutters will at once observe and appreciate this distinguishing feature of the Meat Chopper, the meat in the sausage cutters being torn or mashed rather than cut, long strings and fibers passing through meat. The Meat Chopper, however, allows nothing to pass without cutting it up finely, and such results as strings, fibers, sinews, and gristle are not to be found after its operation. It is also guaranteed by the manufacturers to cut meat faster, finer, and with greater uniformity and nicety than any other machine known. We have seen one of these new Meat Choppers thoroughly tested, and are able to voluntarily add our own testimonial to a large number of others in respect to its clear superiority for the work it is designed to perform. The readers of the *Ploughman* are asked to turn to the illustrated advertisment of this new machine on the fourth page of the last issue, where they will find also a list of prices accompanying.

READ AND RUN.

— Up in Vermont, the temperature changed on Friday night last, between midnight and nine o'clock the next morning, 44 degrees.

— The massacre of Hicks Pacha's forces by the Egyptian rebels is now fully confirmed.

— There was the large number of 216 deaths in Boston last week.

— The question of a new Postmaster for Boston still remains undecided.

— The first real snowstorm of the season in Boston occurred last Monday.

— China signifies her willingness to submit her dispute with France to the arbitration of England.

— The vocabulary of Milton comprised eight thousand words, that of Shakespeare fifteen thousand.

— A correspondent of a London paper warns the buying public that old Persian rugs should be baked brown in order to destroy the germs of disease with which they are loaded.

— Emerson said in his address on "Woman," delivered in Boston in 1835,—"I do not think it yet appears that women wish an equal share in public affairs. But it is they and not we that are to determine it. Let the public donations for education be equally shared by them; let them enter a school as freely as a church; let them have and hold and give their property as freely as men do theirs; and in a few years it will easily appear whether they wish a voice in making the laws that are to govern them."

— The Connecticut legislature is to be asked to bury the antiquated and burdensome town government of New Haven, as a centennial year concession to that community.

— The daughter of the late Junius Brutus Booth, it is said, will soon bring suit to break the will of her father, on the ground of its invalidity. He left his whole estate to his widow, who was his second wife.

— The pursuit of phantom claims to vast estates in England has been well compared to the practice of buying tickets in a lottery.

— Five members elect of the present Congress have died already.

— In the amount of their commerce with this country, the West Indies rank third among the countries of the world, the two countries surpassing them in this respect being Great Britain and France.

— An advance in petroleum seems probable, in consequence of the falling away in the production of the older fields and the failure to discover extensive new deposits.

— The divorced wife of ex-Senator Christiancy of Michigan, who has been the cause of widespread scandal for the Senator, has finally rid herself of her weary life by taking a dose of chloral in New York.

— Doyle, the famous English caricaturist and the designer of the title-page of Punch, and who severed his brilliant connexion with that journal a great many years ago, is recently dead, regretted and admired by his fellow artists the world over.

— At St. John, N. B., the railway time is thirty-six minutes slow of the local time, while the Western Union Company has adopted a standard that is twenty-four minutes fast.

— London Truth denies that the Prince of Wales, as reported, had bought a tract of land in the vicinity of Kansas City.

— A large company assembled at Peckforton Castle, in England, on the 28th of November, to witness the opening of one of the silos which Lord Tollemache had prepared with a view of testing the system of ensilage. The entire front of the silo was cut down in trusses, and the others were bored into and samples taken, the quality of the ensilage in all being excellent. The whole face of the silo showed the cleanest produce, without the least appearance of mustiness, and the opinion was generally expressed that the results of these ensilage experiments were more than favorable to the system.

— The cable operated street cars in San Francisco are an unqualified success.

— Camp Modoc is the name of a 4000 acre reservation in the Indian Territory near the railroad, on which now lives the tribe that was once so notorious. There are but 107 of them altogether. A sister of Capt. Jack is the only near relative of the former chief now living.

— The Springfield Republican has recently undergone an enlargement, and put in a new perfecting press at a cost of $25,000, which prints 12 000 perfect papers an hour. It is really a metropolitan newspaper in a town of but 34,000 population.

— A mass meeting of laboring men was held in Irving Hall, in New York, on Sunday last, to tender a reception to the French delegation of workmen that came on to attend the Foreign Exhibition in Boston. The delegation claims to represent the working men, not of Paris alone, but of all Europe.

— Congressman Haskell, the member from the Lawrence district in Kansas, died in Washington on Sunday last, after a lingering illness. His death is ascribed to the effects of overwork last winter in the ways and means committee, and on the floor of the House in getting through the tariff bill. Mr. Randall gave him the credit for carrying the bill through. He was born in Vermont in 1842, and took a special course in Yale College.

— The Belmoral estate of Queen Victoria, in Scotland., covers over 25,000 acres, and returns an annual revenue of $12,000.

— A well known old American actor, Chippendale, for many years connected with the London Haymarket theatre, has recently been sent to a lunatic asylum, at the aged of 83.

— Postal cards are said to have originated in Vienna.

— The Vanderbilt ball in New York, last week, was a much talked of affair locally.

— English surgeons are now seriously thinking of the cure of cerelval disease by direct operation on the cranium.

— Mr. Parnell's estate in Ireland has now been cleared of all incumbrances by the contribution from all quarters, and especially from this country, of $200,000.

— Two theatres—the Standard and Windsor—were recently burned in New York within fifteen days.

— Mr. John Fiske, who has been delivering a course of lectures in the Old South on the American Revolution, states that he is engaged in writing a history of the American people from the time of the first settlement to the present day, and that his lectures are parts of chapters concerning the American Revolution.

— Governor-elect Robinson came home from Washington last Saturday.

— The metric system in now virtually the prevailing one is continental Europe.

— Back logs are in great demand in New York, on account of the sudden craze for open fires.

— An unpublished letter of Henry Clay is just made public, written in 1840, in the heat of the famous Harrison campaign.

— Weston has started from Westminster Bridge in London to walk fifty miles a day for one hundred days, professionally to illustrate the physical advantages of temperance.

— Gen. Longstreet says he carries a bullet in his throat that struck him in the long battle of the Wilderness.

— It was one hundred years ago, on the 23d of this month, that George Washington surrendered his commission as commander-in-chief of the American army.

— Henri Martin, the well known French historian, is dead, at the age of seventy three.

— The Queen has further prorogued parliament until February 5, 1884.

— The man thought that wood was the thing for a fire, but when a dog bit out a mouthful of his leg and choked himself to death with it.

— The number of tickets collected by a first class railroad in the course of a year is said to be something stupendous.

— A professor in Washington University, St. Louis, took for the theme of a recent public lecture the question—"Shall America look forward to a reunion with England?"

— Gen. Roger A. Pryor, who assisted in the defence of O'Donnell, arrived home at New York on Sunday last, the day before O'Donnell's execution.

— The Springfield, (Mass.) Art Association gave its first exhibition to the public this week.

— The first cargo of American wheat has just been imported into Austria at Laube, in Bohemia, arriving by steamer from Hamburg.

English troops have again been ordered to Egypt, in view of the condition of things there.

At Death's Door.

Rev. J. H. Richards, of South Haven, Mich., gives us, under date of June 14th, 1882, the following account of what Compound Oxygen did for an old lady seventy years old, who, a year ago, was at death's door:

"Compound Oxygen has done a fine work here in the person of a lady near seventy. She had a pulmonary attack, combined ingrowthy and became greatly reduced—in fact, was completely prostrated. *The physicians said that they could do more for her, and that her end was at hand.* She used, after this, one Treatment and was so much relieved that she could endure life. But in two or three months she *was again at death's door.* Her family were called in to say farewell, and she gave them her dying charge. But not really dying, one of the daughters asked if the Compound Oxygen had ceased to do her good. 'Oh! no,' she replied, 'but I have been without it for some time.' A treatment was immediately procured. This was about one year ago. *Now she is doing work for her family and going on visiting* in her carriage for miles in the country."

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BEATTY'S OFFER REPEATED.

The offer made by Mayor Beatty of a $115 pipe organ for only $49.75 a few weeks ago is to-day repeated because he says there are a large number of the readers of our paper ask him to extend the time. He informs us that this is positively the last time this great offer will be made, and if you have not all the money at hand, it will pay you to borrow it rather than let this great Holiday offer go by. Order direct from advertisement in another column.

— The Manitoba, Ontario boundary dispute, which at one time threatened to make so much trouble, has at length been amicably settled. The case is by agreement to be submitted to the imperial privy council, and pending a decision there will be joint authority by Manitoba and Ontario in the disputed territory on the basis now under consideration.

THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS

in prizes is offered by the YOUTH'S COMPANION for the best short stories either for boys, for girls, humorous stories, or stories of adventure, to be sent them before May 20th, 1884. The terms and conditions of the competition are issued in a circular—for which all who desire to compete are invited to send.

— The manager of the employment agency of the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association says he never knew so many men out of work in that city as now. Although he finds places for about 300 every month, he receives applications, from fully ten times that number. His advice to all is, to stay at home.

☞ Gentlemen whose beards are not of the tint which they desire, can remedy the defect by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

— Connecticut manufacturers universally complain of a short supply of water. The woods that have been devastated by the axe once held the needed water as reliable reservoirs, and distributed it as it was needed. Are not cause and effect at last brought close together.

☞ Many a sickly woman, whose sad experience had demonstrated alike the failure of conceited doctors and poisonous drugs, has obtained a new lease of life for a few dollars worth of the Vegetable Compound and has gone on her way rejoicing and praising Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass.

— Parnell's recent speech has been the real sensation in English politics. It is now claimed that by it he has effectually alienated the sympathies of all Englishmen.

☞ "I HAVE BEEN AFFLICTED with an Affection of the Throat from childhood, caused by diptheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—*Rev. O. M. P. Hampton, Pinkston, Ky.* Sold only in boxes.

— Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, reports itself to be in a rapidly falling condition. At the recent annual church meeting only 60 of the 2500 members were in attendance. Assistant pastor Halliday made a very dismal statement of the society. Mr. Beecher said he felt as if the pastors of his church had been gradually removed. He said Plymouth Church had been rather a splendid hotel than a church. He felt as if he was losing his power in the church, and that his usefulness was rapidly coming to an end. He should like to be at seventy what he was at forty or forty-five, but that could not be.

BAD CASE OF ST. VITUS DANCE.

Minister, is the singular name of a town situated in Angliaise, Co., Ohio. It is the residence of Mr. J. Brandeberg, who writes: "*Sozodont Nervine* permanently cured my son of a bad case of St. Vitus Dance." $1.50.

The current weakness of what is known as the Villard stocks in the New York market, is more marked than at any time since the break in them in October.

HEADACHE.—There are various causes for headache, as derangement of the circulating system, of the digestive organs, of the nervous system, &c. VEGETINE can be said to be a sure remedy for the many kinds of headache, as it acts directly upon the various causes of this complaint.—Nervousness, Indigestion, Costiveness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Biliousness, &c. Try the VEGETINE. You will never regret it.

— John Wentworth of Chicago, commonly called Long John Wentworth, is six feet and five inches tall. His full length portrait has been painted for the Cabinet Club of that city, and is three inches taller than the original itself.

☞ If bilious, or suffering from impurity of blood, or weak lungs and fear of consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs), take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and it will cure you. By druggists.

— The whiskey manufacturers are about to petition the Secretary of the Treasury to exercise the greatest possible lenity allowed by law in collecting the taxes on spirits at the present time. The manufacturers of flourbon whiskey are ready to confess to being in financial distress.

☞ Serious disorders often follow when one constantly has cold feet. Wear the Wilsonia Magnetic Insoles and keep the feet warm. They prevent Coughs, Colds and Sore Throats. Price 50cts. Sold by druggists and shoe dealers. dec15-2t

— It comes out that the total yield of merchantable corn for the past season will not exceed 1,200,000,000 bushels; and some estimates allow but 1,000,000,000.

☞ My wife used Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator with great relief, it is the only relief from Heart Disease. Fehrerfully recommend it.—John B. Miller, F. M., Mulberry, Ill. $1 per bottle. dec22-2.

— More money is said to be taken out of the savings bank in France, at present, than is being put in, and the fact causes not a little uneasiness.

☞ Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cures all forms of Heart Disease, nervousness and sleeplessness. dec8-2t

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Dec. 13th, by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., Bayard A. Fiergusson of New Haven, Conn., to Sarah A. Prescott of Boston.

In Webster, Dec. 14th, by Rev. C. F. Rice, Mr. H. S. Child of Boston to Miss Julia M. skinner of Webster.

In Charlestown, Dec. 12th, by Rev. Charles F. Lee, Julian D. Fellows to Edith H. Tyler.

In Lincoln, Dec. 12th, by Rev. H. J. Richardson, Mr. Melvin Sherman of Wayland to Miss Addie M. Sherman of Lincoln.

In Chelsea, Dec. 11th, by Rev. C. P. H. Nason, Albert W. Lovejoy of Everett to Sarah C. Bishop of Chelsea.

In Dorchester, Dec. 12th, by Rev. S. P. Fay, John A. Moulton of Everett to Mary J. Cosgriff of Dorchester.

DEATHS.

In this city, Dec. 18th, Alice W. Minot, daughter of Wm. Minot, 3d, 26 years.

In this city, Dec. 14th, Calvin Ellis, M. D., 57 years.

In this city, Dec. 13th, Jacob W. Saxe, 53 years.

In Rockland, Dec. 14th, Emma A., wife of William T. Howland, 25 years 10 days.

In Cambridge, Dec. 18th, Emma S., daughter of William Lee and the late Emma A. Howland, 5 mos.

In Lexington, Dec. 8th, Mrs. Rebekah W. B. Tidd, widow of the late Charles Tidd, 76 years 4 months.

In Melrose, Nancy Greenwood, 72 years 9 months, wife of Albert C. Bickford of Plymouth, N. H.

In Abington, Dec. 12th, Sarah T., wife of S. C. Everson.

In South Easton, Mass., Dec. 14th, H. Alice, wife of Edward N. Moose and daughter of the late Deacon Bryant of New Bedford, 50 years 10 months 26 days.

In Peabody, Dec. 9th, Franklin Osborne, Sr., 80 years 1 month 7 days.

In Dorchester District, Dec. 15th, Mr. James M. Scott, 55 years 19 months 18 days.

In Roxbury, Dec. 13th, Miss Anna M. Grant, 27 years.

In Morristown, N. J., Dec. 16th, Martha Barrett, wife of General George Sears Greene of New York, and daughter of the late Hon. Samuel Dana of Groton, Mass.

In Washington, D. C., Dec. 13th, Gen. Richard D. Cutts of the U. S. Coast Survey, 66 years.

In Jacksonville, Fla., Dec. 10th, Charles H. Doyle, 21 years 6 months.

In Weymouth, Dec. 17th, of heart disease, Joseph Clapp, 74 years 11 months 9 days.

In Warwick, Dec. 17th, Martha Leland, widow of the late Amory teale, M. D., 83 years 6 months.

In Lynn, Dec. 17th, Joseph B. Lamper, 69 years 9 months 3 days.

In Belmont, Dec. 16th, Spenser J. Vinal, 70 years 7 months.

In Kennebunk, Me., Dec. 17th, Caroline M., wife of George Wise, 74 years 11 months.

TOLEDO, Dec. 18.—Wheat lower; No. 1 white at $1 05; No. 2 at 99½c; No. 2 red cash at $1 04 @1 05¼. Corn easier; high mixed at 58¾c; No. 2 cash at 55c. Oats quiet; No. 2 cash at 34c.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—Flour—Market dull and heavy, and in some cases showing a slight decline. No. 2 at $2 20@3 00; super Western and State at $3 00@3 35; common to good extra Western and State at $3 45@4 90; good to choice do at $4 00@6 75; common to choice white wheat Western extra at $6 25@6 80; fancy do at $6 50@7 75; common to good extra at $3 45@6 25; common to good extra St. Louis at $3 45@6 25; good to prime Minnesota extra at $5 75@6 75; choice to double extra do do at $6 80@7 10, including 2700 bbls city mill extra at $5 40@5 50; 1200 bbls No. 2 at $2 20 @3 00; 900 bbls superfine at $2 80@3 35; 1400 bbls low extra at $3 45@3 90; 3100 winter wheat extra at $3 45@6 75; 3800 bbls Minnesota extra at $3 45@7 10; Southern dull; common to fair extra at $3 65@4 80; good to choice extra at $4 85@6 75. Rye flour nominally; superfine at $3 50@3 90. Corn meal quiet; yellow Western at $3 00@3 85; Brandywine at $3 35@3 50. Wheat—½c lower and dull; options opened ½@⅝c higher; afterwards weaker, and declined 1 @1½c, closing heavy at the lowest points. Corn—Spot lots ½@1c lower; options opened ½c better; later fell back ½@¾c, closing barely steady; a moderate export demand. Oats—One Freasment and was so much relieved that she could endure life. But in two or three months she *was again at death's door.* Her family were called in to say farewell, and she gave them her dying charge. But not really dying, one of the daughters asked if the Compound Oxygen had ceased to do her good. 'Oh! no,' she replied, 'but I have been without it for some time.' A treatment was immediately procured. This was about one year ago. *Now she is doing work for her family and going on visiting* in her carriage for miles in the country."

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Cattle Markets.

BRIGHTON AND WATERTOWN.

Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING Dec. 22.

Amount of Stock at market:—

	Beeves.	Sheep.	Shoats	Fat Hogs.	Veal
This week.	3537	11,399	122	20.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

...wder never varies. A marvel of purity and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*
...AKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

Mortgagee's Sale.

...y virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by ...herine Cavanagh to Oliver Prime, ...nary 24th, A. D. 1883, and recorded at the ...nty Registry of Deeds, libro 1186, folio ... be sold at Public Auction on MONDAY, ...first day of December current, at three ...the afternoon, at the office of Charles W. ..., Auctioneer, No. 9 City Square, in the ...n District of Boston, all and singular the ... conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: ...piece or parcel of land with the buildings ...situated on Prince street, in said Boston, ...and described as follows, namely:— ...ng at a point on the northerly corner of the ...on Prince Street, on land now or formerly ...l Porter, and running southeasterly on ...et, seventy-five and 97-100 (75.97) feet; ...nce and running southwesterly sixty-five ...(65.67) feet; thence turning and running ...rly seventy-one and 90-100 (71.90) feet to ...said Prince; thence turning and running ...easterly three (3) feet; thence turning ...northwesterly thirteen and 60-100 (13.60) ...et or less; thence turning and running north ...wenty-five and 75-100 (25.75) feet; thence ...ning southeast city nine and 52-100 ...and running northeasterly sixty-...and 40-100 (56.40) feet to the point of begin...

...ing fifty-one hundred and fifty-one square ...ing 100 No. acres on a plan drawn by Charles ..., surveyor, recorded in said Registry, ...folio 181, and being the same premises ...veyed to said Catherine by deed ...date as said mortgage, and recorded ...ry, libro 1.86, folio 141.

...ll improvements that may be on said ...ises.

...ises are subject to a prior mortgage for ...ated July 20, 1871, recorded at said Reg... 1061, folio 130, on which there is due, as ...e business hour of sale.

OLIVER PRIME, Mortgagee.
...S W. SAWYER, Auctioneer.
...ston, December 5th, 1883. dec6-3t

Farm for Sale.

...tchess County Farm, of 470 acres, ...se Estate of Andrew C. Warren, ...ed; 250 acres choice tillage, fenced and ... all exceptions. Fifteen acres of apple ...h family from first settlement. Non-...and neighborhood, in Amenia, on line of Newburgh & Dutchess ...R. R. and Poughkeepsie, Boston and ...

...re sold, will be offered at Auction Jan...ary, 12 o'clock, noon, at Hick's Hotel, ...tchess County.

...minute information apply to Mrs. Julia ...ren

The Poet's Corner.

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS TIME

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Green were the meadows with last summer's store;
The Maples rustled with a wealth of leaves;
The brook went babbling to the pebbly shore,
Down by the old mill with its cobwebbed eaves;
And swallow-haunted eaves;
And all the air was warm and calm and clear,
As it cold winter never could come near.

Now the wide meadow-lands, where then we strolled,
Are misty with a waste of whirling snow:
The ruined Maples, stripped of autumn's gold,
Sigh mournfully and shiver in the cold,
As the hoarse north-winds blow.
Yet something makes this frosty season dear, . .
The merry, merry, Christmas-time is here.

The merry Christmas with its generous boards,
Its fire-lit hearths, and gifts, and blazing trees,
Its pleasant voices uttering gentle words,
Its genial mirth, attuned to sweet accords,
Its holy memories!
The fairest season of the passing year, . . .
The merry, merry, Christmas-time is here.

The Sumacs by the brook have lost their red;
The mill-wheel in the ice stands dumb and still;
The leaves have fallen and the birds have fled;
The flowers we loved in summer, all are dead,
And wintry winds blow chill.
Yet something makes this dreariness less drear;
The merry, merry, Christmas-time is here.

Since last the panes were hoar with Christmas frost
Unto our lives some changes have been given;—
Some of our barks have labored, tempest-tossed»
Some of us, too, have loved, and some have lost,
Some found their rest in Heaven.
So, humanity, we mingle smile and tear,
When merry Christmas-time is drawing near.

Then pile the fagots higher on the hearth
And fill the cup of joy, though eyes be dim.
We hail the day that gave our Saviour birth,
And pray His spirit may descend on earth,
That we may follow Him.
'Tis this that makes the Christmas-time so dear:
Christ, in His love for us, seems drawing near.
—[Ladies' (N. Y.,) Floral Cabinet.

Ladies' Department.

BEHIND THE TAPESTRY.

BY L. T. MEADE.

(Cassell's Family Magazine.)

The first part of the strange story I am about to tell happened some ten years ago.

Ten years ago I was in the first sorrow of my widowhood. I was childless, too; and when the grave closed over my husband I thought that there was no place left for me in the world.

I was rich, young; and my friends, and my own reflection in the glass, told me that I was beautiful.

Of course I had many acquaintances; what rich young widow has not? But acquaintances and friends differ widely. I did not care for the people who flattered and made much of me, but I turned, even in the first days of my trouble, to one friend.

She, too, was young and beautiful. We were schoolfellows; we were engaged at the same time: we were married in the same month of the same year.

During the three years of my married life we had seen little of each other, but when my husband died, and Mary Clifford wrote to me tenderly out of her full heart, I answered back her love.

She asked me to stay with her, and I went.

How peaceful were those days spent in her beautiful home! The house and place were called Aspen's Vale. The house was many centuries old. Its architecture was remarkable; its rooms curious. It was a rambling old place, and of course it had a ghost. It stood in the midst of very lovely grounds, overlooking wood and river. Altogether, it was one of the show places in ——shire.

I stayed with the Cliffords for a couple of months. During that time the house was quiet, visitors few—they eschewed company for my sake.

At the end of two months I left them, comforted and helped, and with many promises of a return by-and-by.

Circumstances, however, too varied and too many to mention, prevented that second visit taking place for a couple of years. At the end of that time a great longing came over me to see Mary Clifford again. I must write to her, and propose a visit. I did so. By return of post I got a short, but characteristic, reply:—

"Dearest Honor,—Of course I long to see you, but unfortunately the house is full. Large as it is, it is crammed from cellar to attic.

"My dear, I can't want to refuse you. I do long to see you. Will you sleep in the Tapestry room? for of course it is empty. I dare not put anybody else there, but I think you, Honor, will be afraid of the ghost. If the Tapestry room will do, come, and a thousand welcomes. I can put up your maid.—Your loving Friend, ——Clifford."

To this letter I made a short answer:—

"I do not believe in the ghost. The Tapestry room will do beautifully. Expect me to-morrow."

The next evening I arrived at Aspen's Vale in time for dinner. The Tapestry room looked charming. I felt in love with it on the spot, and vowed laughingly that the ghost and I would make friends.

My maid, however, looked grave over my jesting remarks; it was plain that she believed in supernatural visitations.

Gaiety of heart, however, was over me. I could not resist the cheerful influence of my old friend's company. I felt happier than I had done since my husband's death, and after a very delightful evening, retired to my room, feeling brave enough to encounter any number of ghosts that might choose to visit me.

The Tapestry room was quite away from the rest of the house—it was at the extreme end of a wing.

No other bed rooms were in this wing. There were a smoking room, a morning room, and a little oriel chamber, which Mrs. Clifford in her early married life had curiously fitted up for herself, but now seldom occupied. Neither did she believe in the ghost, but she confessed that this little oriel chamber had on eerie feel.

The morning room opposite, cheerful and pretty enough, was unused. Its furniture was antique, it belonged to a bygone day, and its inhabitants were dead. The smoking room also was deserted; even the fumes of tobacco had left it, the squire preferring a more central apartment in the modern part of the house.

Altogether, this wing of the old house seemed dead. Visitors only came to it out of curiosity; they paid brief visits, and preferred doing so in broad daylight.

It must have been quite a hundred years since the Tapestry room in the far end of this wing had been slept in. Old as the other rooms in the wing looked, the Tapestry room bore quite the palm for antique appearance. There was not an article of furniture in it, not a chair, not a table, which must have seen the light of centuries.

The furniture was all of the blackest oak, the bedstead the usual four poster on which our ancestors loved to stretch themselves. But the curious feature of the room, that which gave it its name, was the tapestry. Not an inch of the walls was to be seen; they were hung completely with very ancient and very faded tapestry. There was a story about this tapestry. One Dame Clifford, of long, long bygone days, had worked it with the help of her maidens. She had come to an untimely end on the very day on which the great work of her life had been completed.

It does not matter to this story what became of the proud and fair dame, but it was her ghost which was said to haunt the wing, and the Tapestry Chamber in particular. Warden, my maid, as she helped me to undress, looked quite pale with terror.

"They do say, ma'am, as Dame Clare Clifford appears with her head tucked under her arm, and threads from the old tapestry hanging to her skeleton fingers. She's dressed in gray silk, that she's, and never a bit, though 'tis so thick it might stand all alone, they do say. 'Tis awful lonesome for you, madam, to sleep here alone, and I'll stay with you with pleasure if it comes to that, though my nerves aren't none of the strongest."

I thanked Warden, however, and assured her that I was not in the least afraid; and she, with a well relieved fact left me alone. I heard her footsteps echoing down the corridor—they died away. I was now out of reach of all human help, for in this distant room, in this distant wing, no possible sounds could reach any other inhabitants of Aspen's Vale.

I think I have implied that I was brave. In my girlhood, in my short married life, even in the sad depression of my early widowhood, I had never known physical fear; nevertheless, when the last of Warden's footsteps echoed out, and died, and that profound stillness followed which can be oppressive, I had a curious sensation.

I did not call it fear, I did not know it for that grim and pale faced tyrant; but it made me uncomfortable, and caused my heart to beat irregularly.

The sensation was this—I felt that *I was not alone.*

Of course it was fancy; and what had I to do with fancy?

I determined to banish this uncomfortable feeling from my mind, and stirring the fire to a cheerful blaze, I drew one of the black oak chairs near it and sat down.

Warden had looked so pale and frightened before she left me, that out of consideration for her feelings I had allowed her to leave the jewels which I had worn that evening on the dressing table.

There they lay, a set of very valuable brilliants.

There was an old fashioned mirror over the mantlepiece, and as I sat by the fire I saw the reflection of my diamonds in the glass. As I noticed their sparkle, again that strange sensation returned: this time more strongly, this time with a cold shiver *I was not alone.*

Who was in the Tapestry chamber? Was it the ghost? Was that story true, after all? Of course I did not believe it. I laughed aloud as the idea came to me. I felt that was getting quite silly and nervous. There was nothing for me but to get into bed as quickly as possible.

I was about to rise from my easy chair and go over to the old fashioned four poster, when again my attention was attracted to the glass over my head. It was hung in such a way as to reveal a large portion of the room, and now I saw, *not* the diamonds, but —something else.

In the folds of the dim and old worn tapestry I saw something move and glitter. I looked again; there was no mistaking it—it was an Eye, a human eye, looking fixedly at me through a hole in the canvas. Now I knew why I felt that I was not alone.

There was some one hidden between the tapestry hangings and the wall of the chamber. Some one—not a ghost. That eye was human, or I had never looked on human eye before. I was alone with a thief, perhaps with worse, and gems of immense value lay within his reach. I was absolutely alone, not a soul could hear the most agonized cry for help in those distant rooms.

Now I knew—if I had ever doubted it before—that I was a very brave woman.

The imminence of the peril steadied the nerves which a few minutes before were beginning strangely to quiver. I neither started nor exclaimed. I felt that I had in no way betrayed my knowledge to my terrible guest. I sat perfectly still, thinking out the situation and my chances of escape.

Nothing but consummate cooiness could win the victory. I resolved to be very cool. With a fervent and passionate cry to One above for succor, I left my chair, and going to the dressing table, I slipped several costly rings off my fingers. I left them scattered carelessly about. I denuded myself of all but my wedding ring.

Then I put the extinguishers on the candles—they were wax, and stood in massive silver candlesticks. The room, however, was still brilliant with the light of the fire on the hearth.

I got into bed, laid my head on the pillow, and closed my eyes.

It may have been ten minutes—it seemed more like an hour to my strained senses—before I heard the faintest movement. Then I discovered a little rustle behind the tapestry, and a man got out. When he did so I opened my eyes wide; at that distance he could not possibly see whether they were open or shut. He was a powerful man, of great height and breadth. He had a black beard, and a quantity of thick black hair. I noticed his features, which were tolerably regular.

I also noticed another peculiarity: amongst his raven locks was one perfectly white. One rather thick white lock was flung back off his forehead—so white was it that the fire light instantly revealed it to me.

The man did not glance towards the bed, he went straight, with no particularly quiet step, to the dressing table. I closed my eyes now, but I heard him taking up my trinkets and dropping them again. Then he approached the bedside. I felt him come close, I felt his breath as he bent over me. I was lying on my side, my eyes were shut, I was breathing gently.

He went away again; he returned to the dressing table. I heard him rather noisily strike a match, then with a lighted candle in his hand he once more approached the bed. This time he bent very low indeed, and I felt the heat of the flame as he passed it softly before my closed eyes. I lay still, perfectly; not a movement, not a hurried breath, betrayed me.

I heard him give a short satisfied sigh. Again, candle in hand, he returned to the dressing table. Once more I heard the clicking sound of my trinkets as they fell through his fingers.

There was a pause, and then—for no reason that I could ever explain—he left the trinkets untouched on the table, and went to the door.

He opened the door and went out. I did not know what he went for—perhaps to fetch a companion, certainly to return—but I did know that my opportunity had come.

In an instant, quicker than thought, I had started from my feigned slumbers; I was at the door, I had bolted and locked it. There were several bolts to this old fashioned door, there were even chains.

I drew every bolt, made every rusty chain secure. I was not an instant too soon. I had scarcely fastened the last chain, with fingers that trembled, before the thief returned.

He saw that he had been outwitted, and his savage anger knew no bounds. He kicked at the door, he called on me wildly to open it; he assured me that he had accomplices outside, that they would soon burst the old door from its hinges, and my life would be the forfeit.

To my terror, I perceived that his words were no idle boast. The old door, secured by its many fastenings on the one side, was weak on the other; its hinges were nearly eaten through with rust; they needed but some vigorous kicks to burst them from their resting places in the wood.

I knew that I was only protected for a few minutes, that even if the thief was alone, he had but to assail the door as vigorously as he was now doing for a little longer, to gain a fresh entrance into my chamber.

I rushed to the window, threw up the sash, and bent half out. Into the clear calm air of the night I sent my strong young voice.

"Help, help!—thieves!—fire!—danger! —help, help!"

I shouted these words over and over, but there was no response except an echo. My room looked into a distant shrubbery; the hour was late, the whole household in bed.

The thief outside was evidently making away with the rusty hinges, and I was preparing, at the risk of any consequences, the moment he entered the room to leap from the window, when I heard a dog bark.

I redoubled my cries. The bark of the dog was followed by footsteps; they came nearer, treading down fallen branches; which crackled under the welcome footsteps. The next instant a man came and stood under the window, and looked up at me. I perceived by his dress that he was a villager, probably taking a short cut to his houses he stood under the window; he seemed terrified; perhaps he took me for the ghost. He was not, however, all a coward, for he spoke.

"What is wrong?" he said.

"This is wrong," I answered: "I am in *extreme* danger—*extreme* danger. There is not a moment to lose. Go instantly—instantly, and wake up the house, and say that I, Mrs. Crawford, am in extreme danger in the Tapestry wing. Go at once—at once!"

I spoke distinctly, and the man seemed to understand. He flew away, the dog following him.

I instantly threw myself on my knees, and in the terrible moments that followed I prayed as I had never prayed before. Would the man be in time? Must my young life be sacrificed?

Ah! no. God was good. I heard joyful sounds; the thief's attacks on the door ceased suddenly, and the next instant the squire's hearty voice was heard.

"Let me in, Honor! What is wrong, child?"

I did let him in, and his wife, and several alarmed looking servants who followed after.

We instantly began to look for the thief, but—mystery of mysteries—he had disappeared.

That terrible man with the black hair and white lock over his forehead had vanished as completely as though he had never been. Except for the marks he had made with his feet on the old oak door, there was not a trace of his existence.

I believe the servants doubted that he had ever been, and only thought that the young lady who was foolish enough to sleep in the Tapestry chamber had been visited by a new form of the ghost. Be that as it may, we never got a clue to where or how the man had vanished.

* * * * * * *

Ten years later I was again on a visit to Aspen's Vale. This time I did not sleep in the Tapestry chamber.

I now occupied a most cheerful, modern, and unghost-like room, and but for one circumstance my visit would have been thoroughly unremarkable.

This was the circumstance which seems in a wonderful way to point a moral to my curious tale. I paid my visit to the Cliffords during the Assizes. Squire Clifford, as one of the most influential county magnates, was necessarily much occupied with his magisterial duties during this time. Every morning he went early into Lewis, the town where the Assizes were held. One morning he told us of a case which interested him.

"He is a hardened villain," he said; "he has again and again been brought before me, but has never yet been convicted. He is unquestionably a thief; indeed, one of the notorious characters in the place; but he is such a slippery dog, no jury has yet found him guilty. Well, he is to be tried again today, and I do hope we shall have some luck with him this time."

The squire went away, and it came into his wife's head and mine to pay a visit to the court, and see for ourselves the prisoner in whom he was interested.

No sooner said than done. We drove into Lewis, and presently found ourselves in the large and crowded building. When we entered, the case under discussion had not commenced, but a moment after a fresh prisoner was ushered into the dock.

What was the matter with me? I found my sight growing dim, I found myself bending forward, and peering hard. The memory of an old terror came back, the sensation of a couple of hours of mortal agony returned to me again. Who was in the prisoner's dock? I knew the man. He was my guest of the Tapestry chamber of ten years ago.

There he stood, surly, indifferent, with his vast breadth and height, his raven black hair, and that peculiar white lock flung back from his brow. He did not glance at any one, but kept his eyes on the ground.

I could not contain myself; I forgot every thing but my sense of discovery. I started to my feet, and spoke.

"Mr. Clifford, I know that man; he was in my room ten years ago. Do you remember the night when I got the terrible fright in the Tapestry chamber in your house? There is the man who frightened me I could never forget his face. There he stands."

Whatever effect my words had on the squire and the judge, there was no doubt at all of their remarkable significance to the prisoner. His indifference left him; he stared with wide open and terrified eyes at me. It was plain that if I recognised him, he also recognized me.

All his bravado left him; he muttered something, his face was blanched, then suddenly he fell on his knees and covered it with his hands.

My evidence was remarkable and conclusive; and that day, for the first time, Hercules Armstrong was committed to prison. He had long been the terror of the neighborhood, and no one regretted the just punishment which had fallen on him. What his subsequent career may be I know not; this is the present end of a strange and perfectly true story.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

A friend contributes the following as a specimen of the conflict which annually takes place between himself and his pocket-book over the question of holiday shopping:

I—"Well, purse, to-day we'll shopping go,
To buy our Xmas gifts, you know,
There is that book I want for D.,
That picture that I meant for T.,
And all those toys, and fancy things,
Those roses, fans, and jewelled rings,
That—"

Purse—"What a chattering you make!
Where are your funds for mercy's sake?
I'm sure I'm empty as the wind,
Or as a discontented mind!
You never put a penny in,
But still keep up a fearful din
If none you find!"

I—"Why, well—but then—
What! not a cent! Of mortal men
I may myself most wretched call
Of big or little, short or tall!
At least I think you'll let me buy—"

P—"Not a confounded thing, not I!"

I—"Come, don't be ugly! there's a dear!"

P—"But, isn't that rent-day just here?
And one, who like the prophet's coffin shows
No visible support,—why, a fool knows
He can't be always spending!"

I—"Well, I deem
A purse unworthy of esteem
Who'll twit of facts! So shut up tight!
I'll have no further words to-night.
Must all my very best intents
Be thwarted thus for lack of cents!"

P—"The sense is lacking, I must own!
Not mine the fault!"

I—"How pert you've grown!
Here, get into my pocket! There,
I'll have no further words, I swear!"
—[Exchange.

A CHRISTMAS SENTIMENT.

The genealogy of Luke in making Jesus "the son of Adam, who was the son of God," strikes the key-note of Christmas. It sets Him forth as the blood-relation of every man, in whom and through whom the brotherhood of man becomes a beneficent fact. The underlying sentiment of Christmas, which, consciously or unconsciously, its good cheer and kindly spirit express, is that all men are brethren, none should be shut out from the joyousness of the gleesome day.

But until the Head of the new humanity appeared on earth, that idea, which eighteen centuries have made a commonplace of thought, though not, alas, of life, was seen only by the chosen remnant, and even by them "through a glass darkly." We now see it, not reflected in men's "face to face," because He, whose religion is Himself—for Christianity is Christ—has illuminated it by His life and precepts.

He came into a world that was without hope, and abolished death. For He made natural death of no account in contrast with that glorious life, begun here and enduring forever, which He made visible.

He was born into an empire where the din of class clashing against class, and the wail of the oppressed, drowned the shouts of the victorious few. Yet He founded a Commonwealth wherein the caste-spirit should not pulsate, and whose citizens would view no man as a labor-saving machine, or as a stepping-stone. In it there was to be but one "maid," "or bond, or parish, or any across whose career should stand aught that said, "Thou shalt advance no higher."

While Easter asserts that if a man die he shall live again, Christmas affirms that in the new Commonwealth there is to be no difference of nation, no distinction as to privilege, no consideration of station or position, nothing but humanity, for all are brethren.

The Messianic age—that in which we are living—is to be marked by the uplifting of all, young and old, men and women, bondmen and bondwomen, into that brotherhood of humanity wherein shall be realized

"That it is more to be a man,
Than, being man, to be a king."

Was it a dim perception of this latter-day glory which once made Christmas *the* festival of the Southern negro? Was it confided to that patient, receptive race, who so strangely allied themselves to Israel in Egypt, that the nativity of the Son of Man was the pledge of their deliverance?

This new life is not, however, wanting in those distinctions which stimulate to exertion. But they are distinctions based on manhood, and not on the accidents of birth, wealth, or reputation. They are such as Christmas brings forth, in the heartiness with which all classes exchange kindly offices of affection, and in the disposition, general on that day, at least, to serve rather than to be served.

He who would appreciate the greatness of this indisposition to vaunt one's self, and the ambition to be serviceable, should recall the vain glorious, self asserting, striving world, to which it was first said, with joyfulness, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

He should take his stand among the self-seeking, power-loving disciples, and see the Master stand before them a little child and hear Him say, "Whoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven."

He must behold the Son of Man washing and wiping those disciples' feet, that He might teach them that the greatest among men is he who is their servant.

It is of no slight influence in moral culture that there is one day in the three hundred and sixty-five when, for a few hours, men recognize this new standard of greatness, and are ambitious to serve. The service is the more ennobling in that it is chiefly bestowed upon children, who can only reward it with a smile of joy. It was the glory of the old-fashioned English Christmas that it cheered

"The poor man's heart through half the year,"

and thus obeyed the Master's precept to feast those who have not wherewith to recompense.

The little symptoms guide the physician's diagnosis; so these minor exhibitions of the Christmas spirit may be prophetical of the time when men shall so sympathize with Jesus of Nazareth in His subordination of genius to doing good, that they will not care to sit on a throne, nor to fill a bank vault, unless thereby they may serve humanity.

It did have that effect upon the disciples at Jerusalem, thirty-four years after the Christmas which angels and shepherds celebrated They sold their possessions, and held the proceeds so subject to the brotherhood that no one should be in want.

Their love for their Master begat an enthusiasm of humanity which forbade one of them living in luxury while a brother lived in poverty.—[Youth's Companion.

A CHRISTMAS ACCIDENT.

THE FORTUNATE MISFORTUNE OF MISS PULCIFER.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY.

Miss Pulcifer had been invited to spend the holidays at her brother's house, many miles away in one of the Western States. At first Miss Pulcifer thought she would accept the invitation, as she had not seen Seth for years, and it seemed rather lonely, at this festive season in her bit of a cottage, where she lived all by herself. So she wrote to her brother that she would start for Greatport at once, and all the neighbors came in to help her prepare for her journey and to say good bye. One brought some cold chicken, which might serve her for a lunch on the way; another brought a soapstone to heat and wrap in flannels, as one's feet were so likely to be cold on a long journey; another brought her a pocket-map that she might not become bewildered concerning her locality during the journey, and another came with the loan of a small bag, which she called an 'indispensable,' which was already furnished with a bottle of hartshorn, a small package of peppermints and some lint and strips of linen, to be used in case of a railroad accident.

'It is just as Maria brought it home from Brimfield last summer,' said Mrs. Deacon Green, the thoughtful neighbor. 'She was lucky and didn't meet with any accident, nor have a headache. She wasn't stage-sick, either. But then Maria's so used to travelin'. She went way out West once to see his folks, you know, and has been backwards and forwards to Brimfield three or four times.'

'Goodness gracious!' said Miss Pulcifer, actually turning pale at the sight of the bandages. 'You don't suppose I'm going to get smashed up in the cars, do you? Well, I declare! I don't believe I'll go after all.'

'There, Mrs. Deacon Green, now you've spoilt everything!' exclaimed another neighbor, indignantly. 'Of course she aint going to get smashed up in the cars. There aint the least danger of it. She'll have a beautiful time. I went in the cars as far as Bridgeport once myself, and I never enjoyed anything so much in my life as I did that journey.'

'I hope not, Miss Blodget, but the ways of Providence are mysterious, and it's always well to be provided in ready for accidents. When I went to the city with the deacon two years ago, I composed my mind to it and put plasters in everything in my indispensable, so's to be well prepared for anything that might happen, though nothing did happen beyond spottin' the strings of my best bonnet in a shower goin' from the stage to the depot.'

'Yes, accidents are likely to happen,' said Miss Pulcifer, who was naturally timid. 'I was reading of a terrible one cut in Seth's direction only a few month ago. I never rode in the cars but once, and I wasn't a mite scared then. But 'twas when I was young, and hadn't seen enough to be scared of anything. Then 'tis an awful undertaking for a lone woman to travel so far. I lay awake last night in a good deal of doubt about making it.'

'Nonsense, Eunice!' said a new comer, who was a very old friend. 'You certainly won't give up your visit because a railroad accident might happen. As for that matter, an accident might happen to you anywhere. I don't see but what one is as safe in one place as another. The lightning struck over in Lanesboro' and killed a man last month, but people didn't leave the town on that account. You really ought to go. The journey will do you good, and you haven't anything in the world to keep you at home, as we married women with families to look after have. I only wish I were in your place, I'd jump at the chance.'

'I should relish it so,' said Mrs. Blodget, 'such a chance to see the world without leaving anything behind you to worry about, not even a hired girl.'

But Miss Pulcifer was firm in her determination not to go. She had been getting out of the notion of it all the morning, she said. She was afraid housekeep would run into her house and her plants would all die in the cellar, and she was sure that her chickens, as well as her cat, would be very unhappy during her absence. Then Seth's wife was a perfect stranger, a city lady, with airs and graces she had been informed. She dreaded meeting her beyond everything. What would she think to find her husband's sister so homespun and countryfied? Even Seth himself might be ashamed of her when she appeared before his fashionable guests. It was really astonishing how many drawbacks she was beginning to find in the way. And in spite of all friends could say or do, she immediately despatched a letter to her brother, saying that she could not come, though she had no reason to give for changing her mind. But, after sleeping upon it, she regretted that she sent the letter, and thought she would go after all. How long and lonely the winter would be by her solitary fireside. How cold and cheerless the winter nights. But when night came again she thought of Mrs. Deacon Green's 'indispensable' with a shudder, and concluded that her decision not to go had been a wise one. And so it was for over two days. Miss Pulcifer fretted at her self for being in so unhappy a state of doubt and indecision, until, finally, another letter came from her brother, saying that she must come immediately, there was no reason in the world why she should remain at home, and her sister-in-law as well as her little nephews and nieces were anxious to make her acquaintance. She was to start immediately on the receipt of the letter, she would be at Greatport in season for dinner on the day before Christmas and be able to assist in the festivities of Christmas eve. Miss Pulcifer drew a long breath of relief and re-packed her trunk without loss of time, and the neighbors all came in to assist in the getting-off once more. But the positively declined aid of Mrs. Deacon Green's 'indispensable,' much to that lady's disapproval.

'Well, I have done my duty as a neighbor,' sighed she, and I do hope, Eunice, that you will compose your mind to an accident. This is a dreadful uncertain world. Something is always happening.'

'So it is,' said Mrs. Blodget, gayly. 'And I predict that something will happen to Eunice before she comes back to us again. She will get married.'

Miss Pulcifer, who had lost a little of the color from her plump cheeks at the commencement of this somewhat startling statement, grew rosier than ever.

'What nonsense you talk, Mary Jane Blodget!' she exclaimed. 'As if I were some young girl, instead of an old woman of fifty.'

'You an old woman! Why you don't look a day over thirty-five, and—well, you see if my words don't come true.'

The stage did not leave the village until noon of the next day, but Miss Pulcifer was up at three o'clock in the morning, and by nine o'clock was all ready for the journey, arrayed in her bonnet and wrap and holding her satchel on her arm. And now she was very much afraid that she had forgotten something, and that the stage driver might forget that he was to call for her and leave her behind, as he once forgot to call for Mrs. 'Liza Woodwin several years ago. There was quite a stir in the village on account of her intended departure.

talked of at the store and at the postoffice, and, in spite of the sharpness of the clear winter morning, the matrons all stood at their front gates bareheaded to predict and gossip and wonder over it, if any one chanced to pass that way, and the windows were filled with heads all along the main street. Even the school children hoped that school would be out in time to allow them to see Miss Pulcifer go off in the stage. A journey to the West was a great event in the little rustic hamlet.

The stage driver did not forget, and with her heart in her mouth, Miss Pulcifer climbed into the great, clumsy vehicle, and was stowed away in one corner beside a fat and talkative old lady from the Four Corners. She felt it to be very hard to part with her friends and neighbors, yet was able to say good bye to them with composure, but the last look which she took of her poor little deserted house brought tears into her eyes. It seemed like a living creature, and to look reproachfully at her through the empty and lonesome windows. How it would miss her presence, and the fire on the hearth, and the singing of the tea kettle, the lights at night, and the purring and gambols of the pussy cat, who was taken, much against her will, to the house of a neighbor, who promised to give her the best of care while her mistress was away. But the fat old lady allowed her little time to indulge in her woes. Time hung heavily on her hands. She had no one to talk to. The old man on the opposite seat was stone deaf, and his only reply to the many questions with which she had plied him was a wondering and deeply melancholy stare, and the young girl on the back seat was engaged in an absorbing flirtation with the commercial traveller. So she pounced upon poor Miss Pulcifer at once, and inquired into that lady's affairs until she was quite dizzy and bewildered, and to her nervous and excited imagination everything along the way, even the trees and hills, seemed sharpened into interrogation points.

It was charming Christmas weather, the sky deeply blue, and the sunshine sweeping the rounded curves of the snowdrifts with its warm golden wings. At noon, tiny drops of water trickled from the icicles along the fence rails, and there was a melting, murmuring sound in the air like the faint humming of a swarm of bees. But later in the afternoon the air grew frostier, the runners slid over the snow after a different fashion, and the bell notes which echoed over the white fields had a clearer, mellower tinkle.

Fortunately, the fat lady was left behind at Sistersville, only five miles from Miss Pulcifer's starting point, and during the remaining five miles which intervened between this place and Lanesboro,' where she was to take the train, she was left to her own meditations. Comparative tranquility reigned in her breast until she caught sight of the blazing engine which was to dash away with her into the darkness of the night, and which looked so like a monster of evil, with its great red eyes and fiery open mouth. 'Which car do you think is the safest?' she shiveringly inquired of the stage driver, who had accommodatingly seized her satchel and wraps, and proposed to escort her to a seat in the train.

'Oh, anywhere is safe enough I reckon, though nervous folks generally take the middle one. You ain't one of that kind, be ye, Miss Pulcifer?'

'Why, I think it's just as well not to be reckless,' said she, 'and if the middle cars is any safer I'd rather be there.'

'Now,' said Miss Pulcifer to herself after she was comfortably seated and the stage driver had gone, 'I feel it in my bones that something is going to happen, I felt just so before Brother Sam was run away with by the colt and got nearly killed; before we heard of Aunt Mehitable's sudden death, and before Sister Lucy Ann got married so suddenly to Mr. Green Point. Before I get to Seth's some accident will happen to me. It may be nothing worse than losing my trunk or my hand box. I do hope it will be nothing worse than that, (with an awful remembrance of Mrs. Deacon Green's 'indispensable'), but whatever it is, as Mrs. Deacon Green said, 'I must compose my mind to it.' Folks ought to be prepared for accidents, but still be calm.'

But in spite of herself, she was unable to become at all composed. There was a lump in her throat which she could not swallow, and the train emerged from the depot and shot into some wide, twilight marshes, with a glimmer from the far west of a cold, pale, yellow sky, and flecked with sheets of steely ice and a few tattered trees, her forbodings were really tragical in their intensity. The ghostly winter moon climbed the horizon and looked upon her with a threatening face. The one faint star which shone above a tall, far distant spire, seemed pointing a warning finger. Some people on the opposite side of the car, in spite of the coldness of the twilight which looked in at the windows, commenced to eat supper from their luncheon baskets with a great deal of merriment, and, after a time, it occurred to Miss Pulcifer that she had eaten nothing since her very early dinner, and it was considerably past five o'clock, her usual tea time in the winter. Opening her satchel she espied the bottle of blackberry cordial which Mrs. Blodget had put up for her, saying that it was the best thing in the world to take on a journey, it was so reviving to the spirits and so strengthening to the body besides.

'If it is reviving to the spirits I will take some,' she thought, 'though I don't approve of such drinks, and only took it with me to please a neighbor.'

But, after having swallowed a generous draught, she felt so much better that she was able to eat a bit of lunch, and then the world brightened more and more. The porter had lighted the lamps. Children were running about the car laughing and chatter ing. The train whisked through stretches of dark woodland, then past cosy little hamlets filled with blinking lights. Pleasant home scenes twinkled through near windows. Groups of expectant people were clustered at the little way stations, and when the train stopped, leaning back in her comfortable seat, she could peep into the milliner's shop and see her dispiaying her wares to admiring customers; into the bustling provision and grocery stores, where eager purchasers were already providing for 'Merry Christmas,' and over the red and blue bottles in the apothecary's windows at the young becurled apothecary's clerk making eyes at a pretty girl, while he put up a prescription for an impatient boy who leaned against the counter.

'I was only homesick and lonesome and hungry,' thought she, enjoying the novelty of her position. 'Travelling along this way seems real nice and sociable, as if you belonged to the world, and the lights were lit for you as well as for other folks. But I still feel as if something was going to happen, only it don't seem as if 'twas anything so bad now.'

That night and the next day were passed without unpleasant happenings, and if the cars had not been so crowded with holiday people, and Miss Pulcifer's mind had not been anxious concerning her baggage, of which she had caught not a single glimpse since she saw it lifted from the stage top, she would have enjoyed every moment of the time. She fell in with pleasant, social people; the weather continued to be charming. The views from the windows she found exceedingly strange and interesting all along the way. But on the third morning, when she was only a few hours from her destination, she commenced to be very tired of riding. She was cramped and stiff from long sitting. Her head ached, and a longing for fresh air seized her that was almost intolerable. The train stopped at a little station, and noticing that the people generally made a rush on to the platform, she eagerly followed suit.

'They are going to stop here for refreshments, she said to herself, 'and in the meantime I shall probably have time to take a little walk.'

'How long does the train stop here?' she inquired of a young man who had the appearance of a railway official.

'Twenty minutes, ma'am.'

'Are you sure that it stops twenty minutes?'

'Of course I'm sure, marm, should I say so if I warn't?' and he disappeared on the other side of the train.

Miss Pulcifer had a prudent mind. 'If he says twenty minutes they will probably stop fifteen,' said she, 'So I may venture to stray a few yards up the hill, and see how it seems to use my limbs once more.'

It seemed a particular pleasant spot to the lady as she stepped from the platform about her on that bright winter morning. The pretty little rustic station was sheltered by a grove of trees, and after riding through such endless miles of that Western country, it was delightful to see the land swell into something like a hill, a rounded, gentle slope, which caught the sunbeams slantwise and relieved the monotony of the landscape unspeakably. The street ran along by the side of the railroad track, but there was a footpath over the hill, evidently leading to a large and extraordinary fine farm-house, or so it looked to Miss Pulcifer, which stood on the brow of the hill, a little more than a quarter of a mile distant. Great overflowing barns with their wide doors open, stood in the midst of a spacious apple orchard which looked like New Hampshire, its gnarled limbs and twisted trunks making fantastic shadows on the snowy sward. There were pretty rustic stiles over the wall, huge ornamental gates, verandas running around the red-roofed mansion, a well near a side door in a pretty arbor, quaintly built of thatch, which looked like a naird's bower.

'If I were rich,' thought she, as she walked swiftly up the hill, 'I should like to live in just such a place as this.' And she tried to imagine how it would look in May when the trees were covered with the painted snow of the apple blossoms, the feathery wheat was springing in the furrows of the broad fields, and the lavish goid of the buttercups sprinkled the green hill. But in the midst of these reflections a terrible sound broke upon her ear, the puffing and hissing of an engine, the noise of a starting train. She looked back, and away the train shot around the curve, and was out of sight in a moment. It was barely eight minutes since it had stopped at the station. Miss Pulcifer waved her hands and screamed wildly, but only the echoes paid the slightest heed. The train emerged into sight again, but it was far distant The engine gave an unearthly scream as if in derision. Miss Pulcifer started to run back to the station in such haste that she slipped on the smooth trodden snow, and in so doing, she gave a fearful wrench to her ankle and came down with that unfortunate member twisted under her body in a way which caused her exquisite pain. She made an effort to rise, but found it impossible. Moving her foot ever so slightly made her wild with agony. There was no one in sight to call upon for aid. She was hidden from the road by the trees which skirted it at the back of the station, and there seemed to be no hope of relief unless some one should come along the path; or they might notice her predicament from the windows of the house on the hill and hasten to her rescue. She made a final desperate effort to move, but the intense pain caused by this proceeding sent her into a dead faint, and she fell back pale and motionless on the snow.

On coming to consciousness great was her relief to behold a man hastening down the hill towards her. A tall, straight, broad-shouldered man, whose face, even in the bewilderment of her situation, seemed strangely familiar.

'Are you hurt, Madame?' he inquired anxiously.

'I suppose I must be, since I can't move without fainting. It's my ankle. I think I must have sprained it. It twisted when I fell. I got left by the train and was in such a hurry to get back to the station, that I ran and slipped on the snow,' said she after a misty moment of uncertainty and confusion of mind. 'Oh dear, I was sure those bandages in Mrs. Deacon Green's indispensable didn't look so dreadful to me for nothing, and here is her accident, fast enough, and my mind not a bit composed to it either. What shall I do? And poor Miss Pulcifer, almost distracted with pain and the, to say the least, unpleasantness of her position, covered her plump, comely face with her hands.

'I should think,' said the stranger, looking somewhat bewildered, 'that you had better allow me to carry you to my house as speedily as possible.'

'Oh, you can't carry me, I'm too heavy; but I'm sure I'm very much obliged. I ought never to have left Chepassit in spite of Seth's letters, and—'

A sharper spasm of pain blanched her cheeks, which had regained something of their wonted color, and stopped the words in her mouth.

'Good gracious! I thought you were from Chepassit. You're Eunice Pulcifer, or she that was Eunice Pulcifer, as sure as the world,' he exclaimed, at the same time lifting her tenderly in his strong arms, and almost running toward the mansion which she had been admiring a few moments before.

Miss Pulcifer, as she described it afterwards, was in a state of mind. She had never been in such a state of mind in her life. She did not deny that she was Eunice Pulcifer, since he had declared so decidedly that such was the case, though, like the old woman in the nursery rhyme, she very much doubted if it were she who was being transported in the most extraordinary fashion through that strange far-away town.

In a wonderfully short space of time she was borne into what seemed to her rustic New Hampshire eyes a wonderfully luxurious room, and was deposited carefully upon a sofa piled with soft cushions. Miss Pulcifer's ankle felt a little easier. She gazed curiously into her benefactor's face, which, since the first dizzy glimpse, she had not once seen.

'Why, it never can be John Stevens!' she exclaimed with a great start.

'Why not indeed, Eunice?' he said laughingly. 'It is certainly the very same, though twenty eight years do make some trifling changes in a body. You have cheated time; you look like a blooming girl still, while I am elderly and grizzled. But I must hasten and send my man for the doctor to see to your poor ankle.'

'Where is your wife, John?' inquired the sufferer when he returned to the room.

'I supposed you might have heard from the Pine Hill folks. Mary died nearly two years ago. Where is your husband, Eunice. Did the train carry him away?